12611.c

JOHN BUNCLE, Junior,

&

GENTLEMAN.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY W. KIDD,

For W. WHITESTONE, B. CORCORAN, D. CHAMBERLAINE, J. POTTS, J HOEY, J. WILLIAMS, W. COLLES, T. ARMITAGE, T. WALKER, C. JENKIN, T. EUART, W. SPOTSWOOD, and C. TALBOT.

M DCC LXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CONTENTS.

		Page.
TITLE PAGES	- -	1
Editions	- - -	18
Dedications	- - - -	31
Anecdotes of J. B.	- -	47
Sentimental Writing	- Let. 1. -	71
Characters on the Road	- Let. 2 -	87
Contrasts	- Let. 3 -	113
Sketch of London	- Let. 4 -	137
Elections	- - Let. 5 -	185
Talkative Woman	- Let. 6 -	211
Groundless Fears	- Let. 7 -	231
Self-Importance	- Let. 8 -	245

CONTENTS.

4 FE 67

TITLE PAGES,

AND

EDITIONS.

Parva leves capiunt animos.
OVID. ARS AMOR.

——————but then
Theſe little things are great to little men,

BRITISH MUSEUM

TITLE PAGES.

BUT what's your TITLE, Sir, your TITLE? cries the firſt dealer in ſcience to whom I applied, the moment the MS. was put into his hands.

YOU ſee, "JOHN BUNCLE, *junior*."

WITH a ſignificant *piſh*, he declared it was too ſimple, much too ſimple; it would never take.

WHY not? ſays I, it will diſtinguiſh

mine from every other publication; and let its *merits* do the reſt.

MERITS! This is juſt the ſtile of a young author! Why, ſir, tell me, in the name of common ſenſe, can the merits of a book ooze themſelves into the firſt page, or ſweat thro' the binding? Your's is a title that ſays nothing; and therefore cannot poſſibly diſplay its merits, ſuppoſing it poſſeſſed any.

I WAS going to reply, but he ſaved me the trouble by continuing his harangue.

"Is not this an age, Mr. Buncle, in which every man, who would make his way in the world, will take care not to *conceal* the leaſt ſhadow of merit that may belong to him? Will a tradeſman be contented with having the choiceſt aſſortment of goods in his ſhop, without tempting the eye with an exhibition at the window? Do not our news-papers, and advertiſements in every corner of the ſtreets, abound

abound with ſuch deſcriptions of vendible commodities, as may beſt allure men to purchaſe? Are not their advantages, their beauties, their elegancies carefully diſplay'd, from a nobleman's villa, to your patentee blacking-cakes? from your ſuperb hotels at the polite end of the town, to a two-penny lodging in Broad St. Giles's? from your refined academies, which profeſs to give human nature its laſt poliſh, to a night-ſchool, where *reedin* and *ſpellin is carfuly taut?* In a word, is not every thing upon a large ſcale? Do not you ſee great choice of goods promiſed, where you can ſcarcely meet with a ſingle ſample? The beſt Coniac, and Wines neat as imported, at every *gin-ſhop?* The Warehouſe for ſhoes and boots inſcribed upon every *cobler's ſtall?*

'But *Literary* productions, ſir, are ſuperior to ſuch mean arts.'

He laughed heartily at my ſimplicity. "You pretend to deſcribe men and manners, forſooth! Why, ſir, they are full as neceſſary here, as in any other article put up to ſale." He aſſured me, that many an excellent treatiſe, to his knowledge, was ſunk down to everlaſting oblivion, merely by the dead weight of its title page: and that as to himſelf, he had rather be concerned in the worſt performance that ever reeked from the brain of a Dunce, artfully ſet off with a name that poſſeſſes ſome ſecret grace to attract the public notice, than in the works of the moſt towering Genius, uſhered into the world with a flat, tame, inſipid appellation. "When I was green in the buſineſs, ſir, I tried the experiment: I entered into the humour of the author, ſimply announced the publication to the world, and as ſimply depended upon its merits for ſucceſs.—But it would not do. —They were a drug upon my hands; and might have remained ſo to this day, had

had I not wiped off their duſt, vampt them up with a new title-page, that was either intereſting or pleaſing, and ſent them forth from our ark, *never to return*, thank heaven. If it was not in their nature to ſoar high in reputation, or fly to the moſt diſtant parts of the earth, I have often lent them wings ſtrong enough to carry them fluttering thro' an edition or two, in ſpite of all the ſands, bogs, and hillocks, which would otherwiſe infallibly have ſtopped their courſe."

THIS naturally excited my curioſity to know a little more of the ſecrets of his art: and as he was in a talkative mood, he readily gratified it.

"IN ſome caſes, ſaid he, the merit is entirely *our own*; in others, the *authors* themſelves ſhew ſo much ingenuity in this way, that the whole *forte* of their book ſeems to lie in its title.

"WHEN we publiſh the works of an author, whoſe *name is up*, as we phraſe it, then indeed we dreſs them out in the plaineſt garb imaginable, prudently reſerving our ornaments for thoſe who ſtand more in need of them. The Hiſtory of England, by Rapin de Thoiras, Philoſophical Eſſays by David Hume, the Works of Alexander Pope, Dryden, Swift, &c. ſufficiently recommend themſelves; and in theſe caſes, we love to ſhew how much we ſcorn to make uſe of little puffing arts, in order to impoſe upon public credulity.

"AGAIN, if an author has not yet arrived to ſo great a degree of eminence, why we charitably hope the beſt, as in *your* caſe; and by a ſpirit of propheſy, —which I confeſs ſometimes fails us— we announce him to the world as the *Ingenious*, the *Learned*, the *Celebrated*, carefully diſplaying all his titles and offices, down to the chaplainſhip of a regiment;

ment; if they appear either poſts of honour or of intelligence.

"THESE bays we generally reſerve for Hiſtoriographers, Biographers, writers of voyages and travels, and the reſt of the troops that are *in our own pay*, Mr. Buncle.

"IN ſlight ſummer readings, conſiſting of curſory remarks, light eſſays upon trite ſubjects, private hiſtories, novels, romances, pieces of poetry, &c. addreſs is peculiarly requiſite: and here, to confeſs the truth, authors *ſhare* the bays with us at leaſt. Theſe publications are to be devoured immediately—like a morning paper, or a hot roll——or they are not worth a button. In theſe caſes we take no pains to make the Title of the book agree with its contents—quite the contrary——The *leſs* we reveal, the better chance of a ſale—Our buſineſs is to catch the attention, which alone can

be done by exciting curioſity; and this again by keeping people in the dark. We therefore make choice of ſome quaint but inſignificant phraſe, or curious antitheſis, which, without revealing any thing, is calculated to ſet your ſuperficial readers a longing. Titles of this ſort are admirably adapted to *Circulating libraries:* every pretty Miſs ſends for them with impatience, and reads them with avidity. I could give you a liſt of them as long as my ſhop.

Something New.
Did you ever ſee ſuch damned Stuff?
Agreeable Uglineſs.
Beauty put to its Shifts.
The happy Extravagant.
Each Sex in their Humour.
Witty Extravagant.
Happy Repentance.
Happy Unfortunate.
Lucky Diſaſter.

"ALLITERATION again, ſucceeds incomparably well in fictitious names and titles, and ſaves an author's wit for the *inſide* of his book. As for example:

Adultery

Adultery Anatomized.
Benjamin Bernard.
Betſy Biddle.
Betty Barnes.
Country Couſins.
Devil Dick.
Female Falſhood.
Fortunate Foundling.
Frederic the Forſaken.
Jemmy Jeſſamy.
Merry Medley.
Sally Sable, &c. &c.

" WHERE a performance, on the contrary, is *rich* in materials, and we are not *aſhamed* of our goods, we generally take care to let the world know it. The title page now becomes a downright chapter of contents; exhibiting, like a broker's ſhop, ſuch a variety of articles to the view of the ſpectator, that the deuce is in it if none of them will catch him.

WHEN all theſe methods fail, and we cannot get our ware off our hands"—

' —YOU curſe the author, I ſuppoſe, for

for a blockhead, or the world, for its want of diſcernment; and ſit down contented with your gains upon more fortunate productions.'

"No, not yet. We have ſtill another card to play: which is ſuch a maſterſtroke of policy, that the inventor ought to have a ſtatue erected to his memory in *Stationer's Hall*.

"WHAT think you, ſir, of reprinting the firſt page of a book, that has not been aſked for a dozen times, and boldly calling it the *Second Edition, corrected and improved?*"

'WHAT think I? that it is a direct falſhood, and a groſs impoſition upon the public.'

"HUSH, huſh! take care how you abuſe your friends—You may ſtand in need of the aſſiſtance yourſelf, ere it be long.

long. It is true, we had rather they would ſave us this trouble: but if they cannot be prevailed upon to read for their edification, it is no *fault* of ours; and why, in the name of juſtice, ſhould the *loſs* fall upon us? Beſides, ſir, if, by this artifice, we make mankind wiſer and better, which is the undoubted tendency of all our publications, I think, in my conſcience, it is a fib well ſpent."

'WERE I to allow of this curious caſuiſtry, Mr. Editor, I ſhould ſtill doubt of the efficacy of the means; for if the *firſt* edition has nothing in it to engage the public attention, its being called a *ſecond* or a *twentieth*, cannot make it a whit the better book.'

'THAT's true, ſir, but it makes it *appear* the better, and this is enough for us. You muſt know that the generality of purchaſers never truſt to *their own* judg-

judgment in the books they buy. Some people have no opinion of a work till it has gone through two or three editions: and would ſcorn to diſgrace their ſhelves with the *firſt* impreſſion of a Locke, a Pope, or a Milton. Others again, do not deſire to be wiſer than their neighbours, and yet hate that their neighbours ſhould be wiſer than themſelves. The ſight of a *ſecond* edition makes theſe gentry perfectly *aſhamed*, and they run to our ſhops with numberleſs apologies for their inattention. In a word, ſir, there are thouſands who would have nothing to do with a book that does not *ſeem to take*, though it were written by the pen of *inſpiration*; and *if* it takes, they will have it at all events, though too plainly penned with a *gooſe* quill."

'But to return, Mr. Editor, to this little production of your humble ſervant. What name would you adviſe me to give it?

"Why,

"WHY, faith, I don't know. It is ſuch an heterogeneous performance, that I can ſcarcely tell what to do with it. There is a ſhare of merit in it, and it is too good for my common-place ones, and yet none of my *beſt* will fit it, I fear. However, my catalogue of virgin titles is not quite exhauſted, I believe.—We will run it over, and ſee what we can find."

'VIRGIN titles! what do you mean?'

"WHY, ſir, a man's inventive faculties are not always at home; when they are, he ought to uſe them. I often ſet myſelf down, when I am in a happy mood for compoſition, and invent a ſet of names, for productions, long before they exiſt.—They are ſure to come into play one time or other——"

HE was turning to the word SENTIMENT:—but I checked his hand.——'Though to poſſeſs genuine Sentiment, ſaid I, be the characteriſtic of every virtuous

tuous and ſenſible heart, yet at this delicate æra of Britiſh refinement, when every *Cook-maid* talks ſentiment, and every *Porter* boaſts of his ſenſibility, the word is become ſo wretchedly proſtituted to ſubjects *void* of ſentiment, that it muſt ſoon be thrown off amongſt the exploded phraſes. Poſitively, it begins to ſound as diſguſting in my ears as 'tis *great*, very *great*, *immenſely great*, applied to Breſlaw's tricks with a leg of mutton; or *'tis clever*, *amazingly clever*, *infinitely fine*, referring to a boy beating minuets upon his chin.'

WELL then, let us lookamongſt the miſcellaneous articles. Here is

The Miſcellaneous Traveller.
Yet another Traveller.
Something Newer.
The Mental Don Quixote.
The Spiritual Light-horſe-man.
The Moral Huſſar.
Truth wrapt up in a Falſhood.
A regular Hiſtory of a roving Mind.
A Word to the Wiſe, and a Scourge to the Unwiſe.

Or,

Or, if you like our *Alliteration* better; what think you of calling yourſelf,

Billy Buncle.
Chearful Chatterer.
Lively Loiterer.
Talkative Traveller.
Prating Philoſopher.

It muſt abſolutely be ſomething in that ſtile."

'Tis hard, quoth I, very hard, that after an author has carefully ſkimmed the cream of his thoughts to regale the public, he muſt be obliged to inſcribe ASSES MILK to *be ſold* on the Poſtern.'

This unlucky expreſſion offended my gentleman ſo greatly, that he turned from me without uttering another word; and wiſhing him a good day, I departed.

EDITIONS.

tuous and ſenſible heart, yet at this delicate æra of Britiſh refinement, when every *Cook-maid* talks ſentiment, and every *Porter* boaſts of his ſenſibility, the word is become ſo wretchedly proſtituted to ſubjects *void* of ſentiment, that it muſt ſoon be thrown off amongſt the exploded phraſes. Poſitively, it begins to ſound as diſguſting in my ears as 'tis *great*, very *great*, *immenſely great*, applied to Breſlaw's tricks with a leg of mutton; or *'tis clever*, *amazingly clever*, *infinitely fine*, referring to a boy beating minuets upon his chin.'

WELL then, let us lookamongſt the miſcellaneous articles. Here is

The Miſcellaneous Traveller.
Yet another Traveller.
Something Newer.
The Mental Don Quixote.
The Spiritual Light-horſe-man.
The Moral Huſſar.
Truth wrapt up in a Falſhood.
A regular Hiſtory of a roving Mind.
A Word to the Wiſe, and a Scourge to the Unwiſe.

Or,

Or, if you like our *Alliteration* better; what think you of calling yourſelf,

Billy Buncle.
Chearful Chatterer.
Lively Loiterer.
Talkative Traveller.
Prating Philoſopher.

IT muſt abſolutely be ſomething in that ſtile."

'TIS hard, quoth I, very hard, that after an author has carefully ſkimmed the cream of his thoughts to regale the public, he muſt be obliged to inſcribe ASSES MILK to *be ſold* on the Poſtern.'

THIS unlucky expreſſion offended my gentleman ſo greatly, that he turned from me without uttering another word; and wiſhing him a good day, I departed.

EDITIONS.

EDITIONS.

SO polite a congé from a citizen, induced me to apply to ſome bibliopoliſt of renown, on the Weſt ſide of Temple-Bar; naturally preſuming, that there I ſhould meet with more enlarged ſentiments. But unfortunately,

Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdin,

I fell into the other extreme. I addreſſed myſelf to one, whoſe ſentiments were, in ſome reſpects, more enlarged than my own.

WITHOUT condeſcending to turn over my manuſcript, or concerning himſelf about its contents, all his enquiries were confined to the *Form* in which I propoſed to publiſh my work. He talked much about the beauty of Elziver editions, large types,

types, neat picas, royal paper, the peculiar grace of broad margins, and diſtant lines.

'BUT, ſir, this manner of printing will infallibly drive out a few familiar epiſtles, to ſeveral volumes quarto.'

"AYE, to be ſure. You do not intend to publiſh them in a *meaner* form?"

'SIR, my ambition riſes no higher than to humble pocket volumes.'

"HUMBLE! why *humble* pocket volumes? Though *little*, they may yet be *proud*—You propoſe doubtleſs to imitate the modern mode, and to have each ſingle thought *elegantly ſet* in the centre of a duodecimo page? Suppoſe it a trifling one, the *Pompoſity* of the frame will give it an air of conſequence."

'I TOLD him I was by no means inſenſible to the charms of an elegant edition, yet his new mode was, in my opinion, a moſt

moſt arbitrary and cruel tax upon men of letters; who in general can leaſt afford to pay it.'

"MEN of letters, (quoth he) are ſo few in number, that they cannot reaſonably expect particular attention ſhould be paid them; and *entre nous*, they ſeldom concern themſelves with books of this claſs: but for the public at large, it is the moſt kindly tax imaginable—It pleaſes every body——Firſt, as to the Author; I have already hinted it is a happy and certain method of making a few thoughts *valuable*.——Beſides, ſir, the pleaſure communicated by an elegant type and ſuperfine paper, is imperceptibly aſcribed to the beauty of ſentiment, and clearneſs of expreſſion in the work itſelf.—It is like enunciation in a public ſpeaker; every thought has full juſtice done it, and is placed in the moſt conſpicuous point of view. Whereas, the choiceſt ideas of the greateſt Wit, huddled together in *narrow* lines, with

with a *miſty* letter-preſs, and on *ſpungy* paper, loſe all their brilliancy, and abſolutely ſink in with the ink.

" AGAIN, it is more gratifying to the pride of the Reader. He ſets himſelf down before a pompous Quarto, or Folio, with all the dignity of a Profeſſor. Or, if he condeſcend to dip into theſe duodecimos, as he lolls upon the ſopha, with his tooth-pick in his hand, he has the ſatisfaction to find that even in his indolent moments—he can ſoon become a very *voluminous* reader——

" AND, ſir, it is infinitely more to *our* advantage—A ſingle article for a ſixpenny magazine, will, according to this happy method of printing, ſwell itſelf into a treatiſe of half a crown or three ſhillings value; and the ſame train of ideas communicated to the world in an octavo for five, will, ſpread upon one of our Quarto's, entitle us to no leſs than *fifteen ſhillings*

lings or one *guinea* per volume—What a glorious intereſt this for the extraordinary conſumption of paper!"

'I ACKNOWLEDGE, ſaid I, that there is much force in your remarks, and they deſerve attention. But theſe elegant editions, as they are neceſſarily more expenſive than the others, muſt conſequently diminiſh the number of purchaſers.'

"YOUR conſequence is not ſo concluſive as you imagine. They may alter the claſs of cuſtomers, but they may alſo *increaſe* their numbers."

'AYE! this is a paradox that wants explanation.'

"WHY, Sir, expenſive editions ſecure the cuſtom of thoſe, who, though they complain every thing is dear, will purchaſe nothing that is *cheap*. And the number of ſuch, in this metropolis, is ſo very conſiderable, that, were they

Readers,

Readers, nine parts out of ten, would enquire the price of a book, exclaim againſt it as exorbitant, pay the money, and look with contempt upon an edition they might have had for one third of the value.

"AGAIN, a flattering edition excites every one's curioſity. It is naturally ſuppoſed a work muſt have ſome intrinſic merit, or the editor would not have had the preſumption to have been at ſuch an extraordinary expence: and the whole impreſſion ſtands a chance of being ſold off, before the public are aware of their miſtake.

"AND finally, theſe ſuperb impreſſions are ſure to draw the attention of moſt of your nobility and gentry; who collect books as they collect pictures, or keep miſtreſſes—not from the great pleaſure they take in either, but merely as articles of State. To the eyes of theſe perſonages,

ſonages, your puny editions of the moſt reſpectable authors would cut but a deſpicable figure—For they would make no ſhew in their libraries."

'But do they pay *no* attention to the nature or contents of a book?'

"Little or none, ſir. They give an order for ſuch a number of Folios, ſuch a number of Quartos, or Octavos, according to the largeneſs and conſtruction of their book-caſe; (—or perhaps Duodecimos, where a fortunate corner will admit them, provided the margins be very broad, the lines very diſtant, the paper ſuperfine, and the type *a la Baſkerville*:—) Theſe are generally required to be the neweſt publications of ſome note, but the particular choice is generally left to ourſelves—ſo it is often in our power to ſerve a Friend, Mr. Buncle."

The ſurpriſe I manifeſted at theſe declarations, was conſtrued by him as bordering

dering upon incredulity; and, by way of ſupporting their validity, he aſſured me that a gentleman had ſent him, the other day, ſeveral ſets of books in boards, to be uniformly bound; ſome of which had been in his poſſeſſion *ten* or *fifteen* years, and not a ſheet of them was as yet cut open. "I was alſo called (ſays he) to reconnoitre the empty ſhelves of a Nobleman's ſtudy, in order to ſtock them from my ſhop. Curioſity led me to take down Buffon's Natural Hiſtory, which was upon an adjacent ſhelf, conſiſting, of about twelve volumes in Quarto; and I found that the blundering Binder had lettered the whole ſet towards the bottom, in an *inverted* direction. This celebrated Philoſopher hath, of conſequence, ſtood upon his *head*, it may be ſeven years, and the proprietor hath not the leaſt ſuſpicion of the indignity done him."

So very favourable an account of *pompous Editions*, and the hopes of conſide-

rable gains, by an inconſiderable hazard, made me more than half a convert to his ſcheme. For the Works of JOHN BUNCLE, *junior*, to appear in four or five volumes Quarto; to be bound in red Morocco; ſumptuouſly Gilt and Lettered on the back; and placed upon a conſpicuous ſhelf in a ſplendid Library, I will confeſs, did not a little flatter my vanity:—and yet, upon recollection, it hurt my pride to be treated like a *livery Servant*;—a meer vaſſal to another's greatneſs: and to have all the praiſes due to the brilliancy of my thoughts, laviſhed upon the *Printer* or *Bookſeller*. 'No, ſaid I, in a muttering accent,—when I write it is to be *read*, not *gazed* at, to *correct*, not *countenance* folly.' However, I thought it prudent to conceal from my Chapman this inward conteſt between Avarice and Pride. But to make a virtue of rejecting his advice, I placed my refuſal to the ſcore of *conſiſtency*. I obſerved, that although I had not much objection

tion to ſatyrizing *others*, I did not like to hit *myſelf* a ſlap on the face. 'Some years ago, ſaid I, my youthful muſe brought forth a few lines in *ridicule* of theſe *pompous publications*; in which, either fortunately or unfortunately, there are ſeveral ideas ſimilar to your own. Whether they contain any of the true *attic ſalt*, or ſavor of the *ſal catharticum amarum*, poſſeſſing more bitterneſs than pungency; or whether there be *ſalt* of any kind in them, I ſhall leave you to judge —Here they are—

When authors of old brought their works into light,
**Multum in parvo's* the motto to which they had right:
But now 'tis revers'd,—their matter is ſlighter,
**Parvum in multo* belongs to each *modern* writer.
Deep margins, large letters, the lines at a diſtance,
'Stead of genius prolific, become their aſſiſtance,
Each pitiful *Rhymſter* has ſuch a proud heart too,
He ſcorns to exhibit, in leſs than a *Quarto*;
And like a phyſician, expecteth rich fees
For being as pompous, and empty as he is.

When I read a large volume, with ſcarce any print,
(An emblem too juſt of the little that's in't,)
Which ſtript of the ſwelling parade of its dreſs,
Would ſink to a *ſixpenny* pamphlet, or leſs;
I think of that worſhipful bird, the grave owl,
Which robb'd of its feathers, is but a *ſmall* fowl;
Or the peacock you've ſeen on the ſtage, and have ſmil'd,
To hear it contain'd or a *dwarf* or a *child*;
Or, a miſer, that wraps up in papers a-many,
You'd thick it a treaſure—an old ſilver penny;
Or, a Dutchman's large breeches, that cover a bum,
No larger perhaps than the *bulb of one's thumb*.

Indeed I'll confeſs, that I ſometimes am hurried,
Leſt under ſuch loads their poor wit ſhould lie buried,

* Pronounced *mult'in parvin*.

And

And ſuffer the fate of a *jay* I've ſeen hop
In the chinks of ſome reams, in a ſtationer's ſhop.
But yet to their comfort, a *Flea* will draw breath
Through clothes that would ſmother large bodies to death.
And *book-Lice* will crawl under burdens with *eaſe*,
That would give you or me a moſt terrible ſqueeze.

When I'd written thus far, cries a friend, what's the matter?
Pray lay down your pen, and chain up your ſatire.
Wit is *ſcarce* now a-days; you muſt take it for granted
To give ſomething more, for what's ſo much *wanted*.
The *laſt* happy age, abounding in treaſure,
Dealt it out very cheap, with ſpecial good meaſure.
But now, *times are hard*; they cannot afford it
So cheap by three fourths, and yet they don't *board* it.
Your dealers in this kind of food, let me tell ye,
Though their *ſtock is but ſmall*, are quite *willing* to ſell ye;
And leſt their dear country ſhould periſh for hunger,
Unripe as it is, they will keep it no longer.
How generous this! Then be not too nice;
Take what you can get, tho' you pay double price.
In ſhort, wit is ſcarce, he that has it may *boaſt* on't,
And they who have little—muſt e'en make the *moſt* on't.

My gentleman did not like to recognize his ſentiments, when they ſeemed to be the ſubject of *ridicule*; and degenerating into the ceremonious complaiſance of the truly *Polite*, upon the verge of a quarrel, we took a formal leave of each other.

THE truths uttered by our Bibliopoliſt, have had, however, ſuch weight with me, who deſire at all times to be open to conviction, that I have reſolved to approach nearer to the modern mode of publication than was originally intended—'If a handſomer fee, (thought I) will either give *greater efficacy* to my preſcriptions, or tender them more *extenſively uſeful*—Well, be it ſo. Let *Benevolence* forbid any little fooliſh ſcruples of mine from being *prejudicial* to mankind.'

DEDICATIONS.

LE flatteur reunit dans ſon caractere pluſieurs vices infames—IL eſt *menteur*, en diſant des choſes qu'il ne croit point—IL eſt *Poltron*, car il n'oſe dire ce qu'il penſe——IL eſt *mechant*, car il verſe de l'huile ſur le feu de l'amour d'autrui—& IL eſt *Ennemi ſecret* de ceux dont il ſe dit ami, car par ſes flatteries, il les tient dans leurs mauvaiſes habitudes.

OXENSTERN *Penſes diverſes.*
Vol. I. p. 140.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATIONS.

THE *third* perſonage, to whom I addreſſed myſelf, ſmiled as I related to him the ſubſtance of the preceding dialogues; and he was pleaſed to obſerve, that they took off the Trade tolerably well. But this gentleman's ideas were concentered in *handſome* DEDICATIONS. As ſoon as the nature of the work was explained to him, and he had ſkimmed over a page or two of the MS. "Well, but (ſays he) where's your DEDICATION? Whoſe patronage do you intend to ſolicit?"

'No body's, ſir. Perhaps I may inſcribe the work to the fair companions of my tour; or to the lovely *Maria*, to whom the greater part of the letters were written.'

"THAT muſt not be," quoth my friendly monitor. "Were your ladies, beautiful as *Venus*, wiſe as *Minerva*, chaſter than *Diana*, I would adviſe you *now* to drop the man of *gallantry*, and aſſume the man of *prudence*; reſt contented with the offerings you have already made to the ſhrine of their merits, and learn, tradeſman like, to ſacrifice every other paſſion to the ſhrine of your own emolument. By all means look out for ſome *Mæcenas* to uſher you into the world with *eclat*. Here is a charming opportunity of paying your reſpects to one of the Noblemen, whoſe ſeats you have viſited; of which, by the way, it is adviſable to give a flattering deſcription. What ſay you of addreſſing the Earl *Temple?*—A moſt reſpectable character, and a friend to liberty.—Or the young Duke of *Devonſhire*, who promiſes to do honour to the nobleneſs of his birth and family?—Or the Duke of *Bridgewater*, whoſe ingenuity and amazing enterprize for

for the public good, are the admiration of all Europe? Secure the friendſhip of either of theſe gentlemen, and your fortune is made. For, excluſive of the genteel preſent, you may reaſonably expect in payment for your incenſe, the honour of their illuſtrious Names may double the ſale of your work; and be of ſimilar advantage upon any future occaſion."

'I AM not acquainted with either of theſe noblemen.'

"So much the better. It is eaſier for you to imagine them poſſeſſed of every poſſible perfection: and as you know not any *ill* of them, Chriſtian charity requires you to believe all that is *good*."

"WERE I to compliment them at all, it ſhould be, not as men of elevated Rank or ſplendid Fortunes, but as men of *Virtue* and *good Senſe*, which is the only diſtinction I revere. Yet if they be the former, they will deteſt flattery; if the lat-

latter, they will eaſily penetrate through my ſervile deſigns.'

"THESE ſyllogiſtical *ifs*, Mr. Buncle, are very troubleſome: they interrupt the uſual courſe of buſineſs; and they will prove very unprofitable both to you and me."

'THEN, ſir, to adapt my language to my ſubject, and not to be ſuſpected of palliating a meanneſs which I abhor, I will ſpeak in plainer terms. Dedications are, according to the uſual ſtile of them, the groſſeſt inſult a man can poſſibly commit. Surcharged as they are with nauſeating falſehoods, they ſpeak theſe honeſt truths; viz. that the adulator is a KNAVE, and that he treats his patron as a FOOL. It equally moves my indignation, to obſerve an Author ſit down to invent a certain quantity of extravagant compliments, in order to ſooth the ear of a frail mortal, like himſelf, and to ſee his Patron ſit patiently

and

and cordially to receive them. The moſt *perfect* of human characters is yet *fallible*. No genuine portrait of any man can be drawn without the uſe of *ſhades*. But in this ſpecies of painting, the *brighteſt* colours alone are to be employed; one *darker tint* would deſtroy the whole:—every portrait therefore muſt loſe its likeneſs;—it muſt be *falſe*.

'BESIDES, I ſhould be ſorry to *injure* the perſon whom I attempted to celebrate.'

"INJURE him; what do you mean?"

'WHY, ſir,

"Praiſe undeſerved, is ſatire in diſguiſe."

So many tranſcendant virtues are daily laviſhed upon the *Worthleſs*, that when I ſee an author take ſuch pains to prove his patron ſuper-excellent, I am tempted to ſuppoſe he is varniſhing over ſome infamous flaw in his character. The panegyriſt may, perhaps, ſatisfy his conſcience

ſcience by calling it *Irony*; but it is rather too cruel to hold a man up to public contempt, and endeavour to render him *vain* of his accompliſhments, at the ſame inſtant."

"THESE refined ſpeculations, Mr. Buncle, will not fill our pockets. If you have any regard for your work, or intend that I ſhould get any thing by you, prepare a handſome dedication I ſay, and look out for ſome one to whom you may inſcribe it."

"WELL, ſir, though I comply with *your* humour in writing a dedication, I ſhall conſult *my own* in the choice both of ſubject and manner.—However, don't be ſtartled, for I ſhall addreſs myſelf to ſuch Reſpectable Perſonages, that the firſt nobleman in the realm would not be diſgraced by an alliance with them. Give me pen, ink, and paper.'

I RETIRED into a parlour behind the ſhop, and wrote the following.

DE-

DEDICATION

TO

RELIGION, VIRTUE,

AND

PLEASANTRY.

May it pleaſe your Excellencies,

SO ſincerely do I deteſt adulation, and in ſuch a ſovereign contempt do I hold the ſervility of moſt Dedications, that I had reſolved, ſhould it ever be my lot to commence Author, to omit that ceremony altogether, and ſend my productions into the world, without either *Friend* or *Patron*; rather than purchaſe the one or the other, by offering up to VANITY, the incenſe of FALSHOOD. But no ſooner did I think of laying this little production

tion

tion at *your* feet, than theſe my reſolutions vaniſhed; as in truth, every objection was at once removed.

TO YOU, FAIR LADIES, and to you *alone* it is, that in ſaying the *politeſt*, we are able to ſay the *trueſt* things, without the moſt diſtant charge of Flattery. Nor is there any danger of miſtake, were we to laviſh upon YOU, the *moſt excellent*, *right reverend*, *or right honourable Titles* upon earth. YE are the STANDARDS of what is *great*, *good*, *beautiful* and *happy!* The characters of all men are alone eſtimated, according to their proximity to *your* model. It is YOU, whom we admire in every good and upright, and happy Being—Under *your* influence, mortals may be as GODS upon the earth, at once enjoying, and communicating felicity!

WHAT, O PIETY, what could we not aſſert in thy praiſe! Thou art the balm of life;—the beſt antidote to its nume-

numerous ills.—Thou gildeſt the black cloud of calamity;—and thou teacheſt Man, like a ſkilful mariner, to deſcry the *faireſt weather*, through the moſt boiſterous ſtorms. Thou enableſt him to ride the roughеſt waves of adverſity, laughing at the rude winds which raiſed them:—Thou art the poor man's Wealth, yea, the *Richeſt* without thee are poor indeed. The *Good* love thee; the *Wicked* acknowledge thine excellencies, and like *their father*, *the Devil*, *believe and tremble*. Thou art the ſource of tranſporting hope to all thy faithful Votaries. Nor can Mortals be willing to forego the happineſs thou doſt promiſe, and reſt contented with the *portion* of BRUTES, until their *vices* have rendered them viler than the beaſts in their ſtalls, and greater vermin upon the earth than thoſe which infeſt their habitations!

VIRTUE, thou ſolid good! Thou art but another name for Order, Harmony, and Peace! Thou doſt implant peace

peace *within*, and ſecure it from *without*. Actuated by *thee*, the *moral* World would move on ſmoothly and equably, like one well-ordered machine, whoſe every wheel turns true upon its axis, and contributes its part to the regularity of the whole—— Were mortals under *thy* kindly influence, Tyranny would ceaſe; Oppreſſion would be no more; Treachery, low Craft, Selfiſhneſs, would take their flight to Hell: Temperance, Integrity, Benevolence, would dwell for ever amongſt us. The Sons of *confuſion* and *rapine* alone would lament the change. The Altars of ſanguinary laws would be bereaved of the ſacrifices: Our Courts of Juſtice would become deſolate: Advocates and Counſellors, whoſe pliant conſciences attack or defend thee, as *Intereſt* beckons, would *hold down their heads like a bulruſh, and mourn the loſs of their prey!* Under *thy* auſpicious culture, the human mind would puſh forth every ornamental Grace, and be rendered fit to be tranſ-

planted

planted to a happier ſoil; yea, it would be prepared for the enjoyment of *that* BEING, whom thou haſt taught it to imitate!

AND as to my lively friend PLEASANTRY, ſhe will rejoice to be addreſſed as the genuine offspring of Religion and Virtue. Vicious and undiſcerning minds, indeed, have frequently miſtaken thee, for that Harlot *Clamorous Riot*; and eagerly ſearch after thee in the *loud Laugh*, raiſed by the profane or obſcene jeſt.—But they find thee not.—Thy abode is with *Innocence* alone.—Thou dwelleſt in the breaſt that is attuned to chearfulneſs, by being *calm* within, or ſweetly agitated with the tranſporting hopes of future bliſs!

Go on, lovely Maid; continue to gladden the days of thy venerable parents. Let thy cheary and enlivening company recommend them to the world: let thy "heart-eaſing mirth" efface

efface each furrow from the brow of the Religious;—chaſe away each gloomy idea from thoſe to whom "loathed melancholy" belongeth not. Let it convince mankind that to be pious and good, is the only way to be *chearful* and *happy!*

IT is, MOST EXCELLENT FAIR ONES, becauſe ye are ſo immediately formed for the ſociety of each other, that I have ventured to unite you in this addreſs. Nor can you, notwithſtanding your various degrees of excellency, ſuffer a ſeparation, without ſome violence being committed upon your perſons. Thoſe, O RELIGION, who would ſever thee from *Virtue*, pervert thy lovely nature, and ſink thee into vile *Hypocriſy*—— Thou, *Virtue*, without *Religion*, art but *cold* and *hopeleſs* Philoſophy——And thou, MIRTH, indulged without the ſanction of both, *becomeſt the mere laughter of fools!*

UNITE,

UNITE, ye ſiſter Graces, unite your force againſt the vain maxims, and deluſive pleaſures of the world. May the number of your admirers daily increaſe! —Let all men love, where Love may be indulged without Jealouſy;—for ſuch is the nature of *your* charms, that ye can beſtow them liberally upon each votary, and yet their luſtre ſhall not be ſullied, nor their value diminiſhed—Nay, the more we are captivated by them, the more ſhall we love and congratulate each other!

ACCEPT the following pages from the hands of one, who has an ardent deſire to repreſent you in a juſt light: Whoſe ſoul is vexed to ſee you *reviled*, by thoſe ye would *befriend*; and whoſe boſom glows with honeſt indignation, when he beholds raſh *Profaneneſs*, ignoble *Vice*, and deſpicable *Hypocriſy*, purſued and worſhipped inſtead of you!

If there be aught in theſe ſheets, calculated to vindicate your honour, permit me to lay them at your feet, as a token of the ſincere Reſpect and Veneration with which

I am,

Ye worthieſt Fair,

Your moſt devoted Servant,

London,
May 10, 1775.

J. B.

My friend was ſufficiently pleaſed with the dedication itſelf; but he ſeemed to think that the Perſonages to whom it was addreſſed, were not ſufficiently reſpectable: and, as a term of treating with me, inſiſted upon my preſenting it, with a few trivial alterations, to three *Maids of Honour*, or *Ladies of the Bed-chamber*, whom he would recommend to my notice.

I recollected the words of my motto, and bid him adieu.

ANEC-

ANECDOTES, *&c.*

PUiſſent tous les hommes ſe ſouvenir qu'ils ſont frères ! Qu'ils ayent en horreur la Tyrannie exercée ſur les ames, comme ils ont en exécration le brigandage qui ravit par la force, le fruit de l'induſtrie paiſible !

Voltaire ſur L'intolerance.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ANECDOTES

OF

JOHN BUNCLE, junior.

AM I ever to be the dupe of ſage advice, forced upon me by the officious? A brother of the quill is now teazing and wherreting me to write a *Preface.* He ſays, and I ſuppoſe he ſpeaks from experience, that a ſuitable preface is a well timed prologue, which often ſaves a bad play.—He adviſes me to aſſure the public, in the moſt reſpectful terms, that theſe letters were merely intended for private inſpection,—that I am deeply ſenſible how unworthy they are of public no-

tice,—and yet that I rely with the utmoſt confidence on the candour of my readers. —He deſires me to alledge, or invent, a variety of plauſible motives for making them public;—to apologize for the freedom of ſome ſentiments, to crave indulgence for others, and a general pardon for involuntary errors. He aſſerts this to be peculiarly neceſſary in a *literary* correſpondence, where it is not in the power of the moſt obſequious Writer to ſay a civil thing to his *gentle* Reader, except in this part of his work. "Sir, (ſays he) the moſt courteous Reader likes to be treated with deference; and if you expect that he ſhould attend to what you and your friends are chattering about for ſuch a number of letters, the leaſt you can do is to make him a polite and inſinuating bow, before you begin the diſcourſe."

I HINTED to him, that my ſentiments were too freely expreſſed in the Dedication,

on, for me to be guilty of ſuch a groſs impropriety.

It is an impropriety that will be very well received, I promiſe you, let it be ever ſo groſs. I cannot have been an author upwards of twenty years, without knowing the public a little. They will bear any thing, Mr. Buncle, rather than to be *ſlighted*. If you will not *compliment*, you may *ſatyrize* them; if you will not laugh *with* them, you may laugh *at* them, and they will join the laugh with you; but, at your peril, ſir, do not treat them with *neglect*."

And now, my Readers, good or bad, be aſſured that it is not my deſign either to coax, or ſlight, or ſatyrize you. For as thou, who now readeſt theſe lines, art totally unknown to me, I am equally afraid of coaxing a *fool*, fawning upon a *knave*, ſatyrizing an *innocent* character, or ſlighting a *reſpectable* one:—And yet the

advice of my counſellor is not totally deſtitute of reaſon: for, would any parent, who makes the leaſt pretenſions to humanity, ſend the fruits of his loins into the wide world, to be turned round and round—examined from top to toe—have all his imperfections laid open—all his good qualities made light of, like a ſlave at a man-market;—and perhaps be ſnubbed, brow-beaten, and handſomely laſhed into the bargain? Would the crueleſt parent upon the face of the earth ſubmit to this? Or would the moſt *partial* think his favourite boy able to endure ſo fiery a trial? No. He would lead him by the hand himſelf into life;——he would do full juſtice to his good qualities;——he would conceal or palliate his faults;—— he would perſuade the world that they were the reſult of inexperience or youthful inadvertency; and that by patient indulgence and good uſage, he may in time be made a man of. And why ſhould theſe Bantlings, the joint offſpring of my head

head and my heart, be thrown warm from the birth upon the cold ground, to be kicked and trampled upon by every jack-anapes that meets with them?

I KNOW but of one way to prevent this foul ignominy; which is, gentle reader, to introduce myſelf into thine acquaintance, before we travel through theſe letters together. We all have experienced, that the ſlighteſt knowledge of a perſon is oftentimes the parent of favourable prejudices. Is there a vacancy for a *Borough*, or for any *Office*, my good friend? Thou wilt give thy ſuffrage, and perchance thine intereſt, for me, or for the ſon of him, with whom thou haſt accidentally cracked a bottle of wine or two, rather than to one thou haſt never proved to be an *honeſt fellow*. Doſt thou want to cheapen linens, ſilks, or laces, madam, or ſaunter away thy idle hours in giving ſome ſhopman a great deal of trouble for nothing? Thou will certainly confer this

privilege upon him to whom thou haſt had the ſlighteſt recommendation, rather than meet the face of a *ſtranger*. Nor wilt thou, my Lord, ſo willingly honour a tradeſman with ſtanding in his books, unleſs he has been mentioned unto thee as one not *undeſerving* of thy encouragement.

Of this principle I may lawfully avail myſelf: and therefore will I make myſelf known unto thee, courteous Reader; ſo far, at leaſt, as may ſerve this my purpoſe: being perſuaded, that when thou art informed of my Birth, Parentage, and Education, thou wilt alſo be ſomewhat prejudiced in my favour, and the more graciouſly receive this little work under thy protection.

Be it known, therefore, unto all whom it may concern, that I am the youngeſt Son of John Buncle, Gent. of marvellous Memory; who leaped Precipices, tumbled

tumbled through Mountains, found *wife* and *good* Men, *beautiful* and *learned* Women,

"Where you and I all day might travel,
And meet with nought but *ſand* and *gravel*."

It muſt be a matter of great indifference to the world, which of his Wives called me her Son, as they were all equally beautiful, and equally accompliſhed. But to ſhew how much the community might have loſt in me by a too early burial, I think it proper to acquaint them, that my Progenitrix was his *ſeventh* Conſort; with whom he eloped in the perſon of Miſs *Dunk*;—whom he buried the ſeventh day after her deceaſe;——and whom he afterwards married in the perſon of Dr. *Stainvil*'s widow.

FROM my Father I inherited a ſtudious and ſpeculative turn of mind: and if ſelf-love has not deceived me, I ſhare ſome portion of his enthuſiaſtic love of Truth.

The calmneſs and moderation, for which my good mother was ſo exemplary, has, on the other hand, happily qualified that warmth and impetuoſity of temper, which was amongſt the chief foibles of my old gentleman. So that I have always found myſelf more diſpoſed to pity the errors, or ſmile at the weakneſſes of mankind, than to vex and irritate my ſoul about them:—and this, gentle reader, I would earneſtly recommend to thee, as the moſt agreeable method of eſcaping the thorns and briars of a troubleſome world, which are ſo apt to prick and tear every ſenſible heart. But although my parents had thus phyſically united in my compoſition their own *oppoſite* excellencies, yet they both contributed towards forming me of an *amorous* complexion; for which I am not equally thankful; as it has hitherto been the ſource of all the afflictions I have ſuffered in life.

My father took as much care of my education,

education, as his paſſion for rambling about in ſearch of adventures would permit. But he thought it an article of the utmoſt importance, to make me thoroughly acquainted with *Polemical Divinity*; in which he was himſelf ſo great an adept. When I was ſcarcely *twelve* years of age. I was able to handle my weapons with ſuch dexterity, that every Athanaſian Combatant was afraid to enter the liſt with me. My father triumphed in his ſucceſs; and thanked Heaven that his darling ſon promiſed to be as great a champion for the truth as himſelf. Alas, good man, in this reſpect he was wretchedly diſappointed! I know not how it happened, but as I advanced in years, my zeal for controverſy not only abated, but was turned into diſguſt. This might, in part, be owing to that moderation of temper I received from my mother; and partly, to being wearied of thoſe endleſs wranglings to which I was perpetually witneſs in my father's houſe; and which, after the loſs

of much breath and temper on each ſide, ended only in the vain triumph of one antagoniſt, and the inward chagrine of the other: and partly to the ſtudy of ethics, which taught me that it was a duty to eradicate thoſe ſeeds of vanity and paſſion, controverſy has ſuch a natural tendency to cheriſh.

But, alas! this indifference to controverſy, has involved me in nearly as great difficulties, as my poor father had ever ſuffered from his zeal. Though my worthy Sire was, (and thou knoweſt, reader, his caſe is not ſingular) ſuch a Bigot for *enlarged ſentiments*, and ſo furious for *moderation*, that he would be often tempted to *damn* a man for want of *charity*; yet he beheld the tranquility of my diſpoſition, ſometimes with deep concern, but oftner with ſo much chagrine and petulancy, as to render my ſituation under his roof very uncomfortable.

One

One day, as I entered his ſtudy to receive a lecture in moral philoſophy, he was reading the following paſſage out of Locke upon Toleration: "If men are to be impelled to embrace certain opinions by fire and ſword, or obliged by coercive meaſures to obſerve certain forms of worſhip, without any attention being paid to morals, *&c.*" * immediately he turned towards me, his eyes flaſhing with reſentment, "Here, boy, *(*ſays he*)* can you read this animated paſſage of the beſt and wiſeſt man that ever exiſted, and yet continue with the tameneſs of a milkſop? Do not ſome drops of your father's blood boil within you, at the unreaſonableneſs of your orthodox divines, who will not let others think for themſelves, becauſe they know too well, that every rational and intelligent mind, muſt deſpiſe their unintelligible jargon?" This preface introduced many ſevere reflections upon my indif-

* Si homines igne & ferro, &c. Epiſt. de Tol. p. 4.

ference

ference to the great cauſe of truth; upon my lukewarmneſs, nay, total want of zeal, for the doctrines of primitive and uncorrupt Chriſtianity.

STIMULATED by theſe reproaches, I ventured to anſwer my Sire in the following manner. 'Surely, ſir, I ſhall be permitted to uſe that freedom in expoſtulating with you, which you did not think indecent in expoſtulating with your Calviniſtic father. Nor can I for a moment ſuſpect, that the ſeverity of your reſentment will fall upon me, when you have complained ſo loudly of the cruelty and injuſtice of your parents upon a ſimilar occaſion. A profeſſed advocate for liberty of conſcience will not, cannot, be ſo inconſiſtent as to deprive another of that inеſtimable right. As often as you ſhall find me inattentive to the grand duties of religion, reprove me, and I will thank you. But I don't find myſelf under any obligations to oppoſe my natural propenſity,

ſity, and become the knight-errant of mere ſpeculative opinions. Perhaps I might be able to vindicate my indifferrence. This I know, that, young as I am, I have ſeen Chriſtians ſo buſy in ſettling their *faith*, that they have ſcarcely any time left for *practice*. I have ſeen them, inſtead of receiving with meekneſs and joy, the meſſage ſent from above, warm themſelves with metaphyſical diſputes concerning the divine nature and perſonal dignity of the Embaſſador. And altho' this Embaſſador enjoins brotherly love, as the genuine ſign of a true diſciple, are they not cutting one another's throat, to ſhew their attachment to ſome particular dogma of his peaceable religion? In ſhort, whilſt they are taking infinite pains to put their *creed* in order, are they not ruffling their tempers, and loſing ſight of that ſpirit of moderation and patience, nay, of that ſerioufneſs and piety, which are the only ſymbols of true Chriſtianity? That very education thou haſt given me, good

good father, and for which from my ſoul I thank you, has turned my thoughts towards greater objects. It has inſpired me with an ardent deſire to cultivate right principles; to form a juſt eſtimate of things; to clear my mind from vulgar prejudices; to approve and vindicate what I can diſcern excellent in a cobler, and deteſt villainy in a king. With much ſpirit, and I hope ſucceſs, have you, dear ſir, combated the errors and foibles of a particular party amongſt Chriſtians. Permit me, ſhould opportunity ever preſent itſelf, to wage war in ſupport of common ſenſe and virtue at large; and attack thoſe foibles and vices to which every claſs of men are ſubject. Thus, ſir, ſhall I undertake another department, in ſerving the great cauſe of virtue and truth. Should I attempt to follow my father, it would be with unequal ſteps: this would be but a ſcanty gleaning after a copious harveſt; whereas there is now before me an unreaped harveſt of my own."

THIS expoſtulation was pronounced with ſo much warmth and energy, as might have convinced my ſire, that I poſſeſſed ſome portion of the ſpirit of a *Buncle*. But it was like oil thrown upon troubled waves; it aſſuaged, in ſome meaſure, the roughneſs of the ſtorm, but the ſwellings of paſſion ſtill continued; nor did they ever ſubſide to a *friendly calm*. His enthuſiaſm for polemical divinity, and ardent zeal for Unitarian tenets, gained the aſcendancy over parental affection. It was unfortunate for me, and indeed for all my brethren, that we were ſtrangers to this ſpirit of controverſy; for he treated us all as perſons, who either wanted capacities to diſcern the force or importance of the truths he maintained, or as aliens to every thing virtuous and good. This made our reſidence at home very uneaſy to us, and drove us into the world at an early age.

THE various ſcenes through which the author

author of the following letters has run the gauntlet, are not ſufficiently intereſting to licenſe him, according to my old gentleman's expreſſion, " To make any one pay for his hiſtory," and therefore I ſhall paſs them over in ſilence*.

* The above will in ſome reſpect account for that conciſe, but *ſevere* ſatire, our worthy parent has paſſed upon his children, in the ſecond volume of his Life, p. 137, where he ſays, " *As I mention nothing of my children by ſo many wives, ſome readers may perhaps wonder at this; and therefore to give a general anſwer once for all, I think it ſufficient to obſerve, that I had a great many to carry on the* ſucceſſion, *but as they were never concerned in any extraordinary affairs, nor ever did any remarkable things that I have heard of, only riſe and breakfaſt, read and ſaunter, drink and eat, it would not be fair, in my opinion, to make any one pay for their hiſtory.*" Gentle reader, as I am already ſtamped with the character of a fool, by my own dear father, I publiſh theſe letters with the more boldneſs. Fortunately for me, I have now no character to loſe, and therefore the only chance left me is, that they may be the means of recovering your good opinion, and of wiping off the reproach our dear father has entailed upon us.

In proceſs of time, however, an opportunity preſented itſelf of putting into practice the noble reſolution ſo manfully expreſſed to my father. A love affair, which had long been upon my hands, and which was attended with as many diſappointments, embarraſſments, and croſs purpoſes, as ever filled up the meaſure of a five ſhilling romance, had ſo impaired my conſtitution, that in ſpite of philoſophy, I have narrowly eſcaped falling a victim to it. Smooth hope, which for a long time ſwam, like the pureſt Italian oil, at the top of all my misfortunes, (if you will allow me, kind reader, to repeat a greaſy idea) at length began to ſink; and my animal ſpirits, hitherto ſuppoſed to be *full proof*, were evaporating faſt away, and leaving a vapid maſs behind.' This ſaid amour, it is true, afterwards took a more favourable turn, and enabled me to lay in a freſh ſtock of both the above commodities. But now, alas, the *Veſſel* became ſo ſhattered, that

it

it was ſcarcely able to contain them. Or, to drop a metaphor I can hold no longer, the weakly ſtate of my frame rendered it adviſeable for me to take a journey into the country; as thou wilt ſee more particularly towards the concluſion of the firſt letter, if thy patience, gentle reader, carry thee ſo far.

THE lovely *Maria* was at this time upon a viſit to a young lady in the weſt of England. This young lady is, as you may naturally imagine, very beautiful, and in every reſpect *perfectly accompliſhed*, notwithſtanding her infinite inferiority to *Maria*. The old gentleman, her father, whoſe hiſtorical name is *Franklin*, has rendered himſelf no leſs conſpicuous for his refined taſte and admirable character, than he is for the largeneſs of his fortune, and the antiquity of his family, &c. &c. He is alſo bleſt with two ſons, who promiſe to anſwer their parents moſt ſanguine expectations, &c. &c. The eldeſt, who

is

is lately become of age—But, as it is always to be underſtood, that the particular friends of the author poſſeſs every poſſible excellency, a farther delineation of characters is ſuperfluous.

I PROMISED this little coterie of valuable friends, to tranſmit to them, as leiſure and opportunity might permit, a faithful account of my peregrinations, ſo far, at leaſt, as they ſhould ſeem inſtructive or entertaining. Theſe friends were pleaſed to expreſs ſuch ſatisfaction in the courſe of this epiſtolary correſpondence, that behold I have inſenſibly written *Volumes!*

MY intelligent readers will eaſily conjecture the reſt. Maria, and her worthy aſſociates, earneſtly ſolicited me to make them public. They urged the pity it was, that ſo many fine thoughts and juſt obſervations, as they partially termed them, ſhould be confined to individuals. They did not omit to remind me, that

Know-

Knowledge, like the cheary light and genial warmth of the ſun, may be participated by numbers, without the leaſt diminution of the influence primarily ſhed upon a few.

I, AS is uſual upon theſe occaſions, was as earneſt in my refuſal:—begged they would not tempt me to expoſe myſelf to the world:—inſiſted upon the great difference there was between relying upon the kindly prejudice of *Friends*, however penetrating their underſtanding, and refined their ſtate, and yielding myſelf up to the mercy of relentleſs *Critics*.

THEY, on the other ſide, did me the honour to laugh me out of countenance:—accuſed my timidity as a ridiculous and ill-timed baſhfulneſs:—were pleaſed to ſay many more civil things of me, and of my epiſtles, than I dare to repeat, tho' my fingers itch to write them. In fine, they wreſtled with my modeſty for about

five

five years, which is a longer ſpace than modeſty has been known to reſiſt for ſome time paſt; but, like Jacob in the viſion, they at length prevailed, though they alſo *wreſtled with an angel.*

Or rather, this friendly conteſt terminated in the following capitu'ation. It was mutually agreed, that various trivial circumſtances ſhould be expunged: as alſo the *paſſionate* expreſſions in my epiſtles to *Maria*; naturally conjecturing that theſe would be deemed mere rant and nonſenſe by every *icy hearted* mortal, though my fair correſpondent and myſelf, thought them the moſt intereſting of any. And, leſt others ſhould not diſcern ſo much light and heat in them as my indulgent friends, it was finally reſolved, that only *one* Volume ſhould be publiſhed, by way of ſpecimen; and that the remainder ſhould follow at convenient intervals, provided my Readers will evidence a proper inclination to continue witneſſes to

our

our correſpondence, by clearing my editor's ſhelves of the preſent impreſſion.

One inconvenience attends this mode of publication. The introductory pieces will appear too large in proportion to the number of Letters; but as this diſproportion will vaniſh when the whole collection is publiſhed, the Reader muſt perceive how much it is in his own power to obviate it.

LET-

LETTER I.

SENTIMENTAL WRITING.

For 'tis our way, (you know) for fear o'th'worſt,
To be before hand ſtill, and cry fool firſt.

Epil. to the Old Batchelor.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LETTER I.

Uxbridge, July 13, 1769.

To MARIA.

SINCE you have commanded me, young lady, to give you a particular account of this my journey, and to deſcribe the various incidents I may meet with on my intended route, I hope you will permit our correſpondence to be entirely in the SENTIMENTAL ſtile. The *ſentimental* is the only mode of writing we are all allowed to adopt in this feeling age, were we only to deſcribe the pleaſures of a puppet-ſhew: And ſurely no man who makes the leaſt pretenſions to gallantry, would venture to preſent any other offering at the feet of his *Dulcinea*.

In ſhort, my dear, it is the *ton* of the times, and conſequently we may as well be out of the world, as not to become extravagantly fond of it.

"SAY ye who beſt can tell," ye *Book-ſellers*; what would become of all our *Journey*, our *Lucubrations*, our *Peregrinations*, our *Plays*, our *Novels*, our *Romances*, which are daily ſhowered down in ſuch plenty on our thrice happy land, did they not contain this MANNA, this light aerial heavenly food? Would they not be repudiated by the moſt voracious appetite that ever devoured a circulating library? Would they not ſoon be turned into thread-papers, or be found at the bottom of all the paſtry in the nation?

ILL-NATURE may ſuggeſt that this prevailing paſſion for ſentiment is to be aſcribed to a mixture of *indolence* and *vanity*, which *ill-nature* will ſay, characterizes the preſent generation; and that,

that, although the *former* prevents them from thinking, the *latter* will not let them appear void of thought; the conſequence of which is, authors are obliged to think for them.—In the ſame manner as the ingenuity of their paſtry-cooks, mantua-makers, and milliners, furniſhes a continual ſucceſſion of elegancies and dainties, and ſaves their cuſtomers of polite taſte a world of trouble: For here alſo they have nothing more to do, than to behold, admire, purchaſe, and exhibit as their own.

THIS malevolence may urge. But I love to put the beſt conſtruction upon human actions, and therefore ſcruple not to aſſert, that this modern love of ſentiment proceeds from an *univerſal refinement in* MORALS, from that *purity and perfection in virtue*, which makes ſentimental productions the natural food, the daily bread of the times: as congenial to our refined natures as the element of

water to the finny tribe, or a pure atmoſphere to our organs of reſpiration. And what confirms me in this opinion is, the prevalence of *ſentiment* even in the hours of the moſt unguarded relaxation. Often may we hear the roaring ſong at the tavern burſt forth ſentiment, and a drunken chorus re-echo their approbation. Every toaſt muſt be ſweetened by this delectable ingredient, or it is no longer reliſhed by our refined palates. *Delicate pleaſures to ſuſceptible minds* is the common prelude to a debauch. *Happineſs to thoſe who wiſh it to others*, will often introduce a bloody noſe. *Fidelity to friends, and generoſity to enemies*, is propoſed, or loudly applauded, by the man who endeavours to circumvent the choiceſt companion of his bottle.

Were I to be more ſerious, and hint at one cauſe, which I am perſuaded has its ſhare, your modeſty, Maria, might tempt you to think me ſtill more in jeſt;

or

or I ſhould alledge, that a refined taſte, and genuine delicacy of ſentiment, appear ſo attractive in the happy few of you who really poſſeſs them, that it is not in the leaſt ſurpriſing, others, who do not poſſeſs them, ſhould envy and counterfeit theſe excellent qualities: Though they are not more fortunate in theſe attempts, than the illiterate vulgar in their ridiculous affectation of choice words and dainty phraſes.

But, whatever be the cauſe, I have no objection againſt conformity to this prevailing taſte.—Far from it.—I really prefer gathering up good uſeful ſentiments as I traverſe the country, to collecting of pictures, picking up of cockle-ſhells, catching of butterflies, creeping after inſects, culling of ſimples, meaſuring of ſteeples, or any other travelling occupation in which, an ambitious trifler may alſo ſeek renown. I could enumerate a variety of ſuperior advantages

it poſſeſſes, but ſhall only mention one or two, which more immediately concern myſelf.

In the firſt place it is the *cheapeſt*. The largeſt collection of thoughts which a man can decently lay in, need not coſt him more than his travelling expences. So that he muſt run many miles indeed, before he runs out any thing of a fortune. —Which, by the way, is not always the caſe with the other gentry, who are often in the utmoſt danger of hanging half their eſtates upon the *proboſcis* of a *Beetle*, the *antennæ* of a *Butterfly*, or the *convolution* of a *Shell*; and of giving more for a *painted* landſcape, than the proprietor gave for the original territory. He is alſo at liberty to travel *when*, *where*, and *how* he pleaſes,—to go *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *North* or *South*, by *land* or *water*—— It makes no difference—If he has but *fire* within him, he will be ſure to find incidents enough to ſtrike out ſparks in abun-

abundance.——Nay, the ſmalleſt incidents will often contain the moſt *flint*—The inſpection of a town hall, pariſh-church, market-place, or county priſon, which your common claſs of travellers are for ever running their heads into, in order to draw ſomething out of them, ſhall not give riſe to ſuch ſhrewd remarks in a *ſentimental* rambler, as a beggar, ballad-ſinger, or a mountebank. *He* can change the deſerts of Arabia into a fruitful vale; and barren ſands become, by *his* magic power, more prolific in gems than the coaſts of Golconda, can boaſt.—In a word, it matters not, one ruſh, what ſcenes our Sentimentaliſt meets with on the road, but what he has to *ſay* about them.

Therefore, to begin.——

——But the roads adjacent to yon great city are crouded with ſuch a concourſe of people, ſhouting, crying, ſwearing, begging, joſtling; and obſtructed

by ſo many vehicles of all ſorts and ſizes, that if a man had the fineſt ſet of ideas in the world, it is a thouſand to one againſt his getting clear of the town with them. So that the only thing which ought to engage the attention, of even a *ſentimental* traveller, for the firſt mile or two, is, in my opinion, his own ſafety;—— for this comprehends, you know, the ſafety of all his future remarks and obſervations. I would adviſe him, therefore, to paſs through the interſtices of the carriages as cautiouſly, and make his eſcape as expeditiouſly as poſſible.

When he is ſomewhat enlarged, objects will paſs before him in a more regular ſucceſſion; and he may animadvert upon them according to the humour which governs for the hour. And whether he be in a merry, ſerious, benevolent, or ſplenetic mood, it is odds but he will find plenty of fuel to keep the flame alive.

It was my lot——But I again correct myſelf. A due attention to order requires me to furniſh you with ſome particulars relative to my intended ramble, before I ſet about theſe ſame remarks and obſervations.

You may remember, my dear friend, I acquainted you, at our laſt interview, that my Æſculapius had perſuaded me to take a journey on horſeback, before the ſeaſon was farther advanced: And that I had accordingly been ſeeking after ſome *Companion de Voyage* to one of thoſe places of public reſort, where medicinal regimen takes the form of pleaſure.

A scheme, ſomewhat comformable to this deſign has, at length, fortunately preſented itſelf. Miſs H—— of A—, a young lady whom you have often heard me mention with great friendſhip and reſpect, has received from her father, a ſummons to return into the country:

which the poor girl is obliged immediately to obey; and change the glittering ſcenes of the gay town, for what ſhe deems a dull and inſipid receſs. Mrs. P——, and Miſs E——, have, however, adminiſtered ſome cordial to her ſpirits, by promiſing to accompany her, and ſpend the remainder of the ſummer at her father's houſe. Theſe ladies have been wiſhing ſome time to meet with a travelling *Ciceſbeo*; and I thought myſelf very fortunate in being able to offer them my ſervices. The conditions entirely correſpond with the intentions of my journey. Firſt, we are to ſpend a week or ten days at Buckingham, with a relation of Mrs. P——'s: I ſhould rather ſay *they*, for my friend Charles and myſelf, have determined to take up our head quarters at *Stow*. From thence we are to go to Matlock, Buxton, Chatſworth, and Mancheſter. At each place we are to ſtay as long as ſhall prove convenient; and in our journey to them, we are to make

make as ſhort ſtages, and as long pauſes as we ſhall find mutually agreeable; and when I am weary of my horſe, a corner in their poſt-coach is at my command.

THUS much for our general plan. The under plot is as follows. Several of our friends have agreed to ſpend a parting day at Stow, near Buckingham, the ſeat of the Earl Temple; where we are to aſſemble on Saturday evening. The Weſtmoreland ladies, with one detachment of our auxiliary forces, are to ſet out early to-morrow morning, deſigning to take *Windſor* and *Oxford* in their route. Another detachment is to ſally forth from town early on Saturday morning. I judged it moſt prudent to march as far as Uxbridge this afternoon, that I may ſpend a day with a friend, and alſo gradually inure myſelf to the fatigues of travelling, according to the Latin adage, *haſten ſlowly*; or, if you prefer the Italian, *chi va piano*

piano va ſano; or in plain Engliſh, which I think quite as good, *ſlow and ſure.* My friend Charles ***** is prevented from accompanying me to this place, according to his propoſal; however, he will be with me to-morrow evening, and on Saturday we proſecute our journey together to Stow, the place of general *Rendezvous.*

I PROMISE myſelf great pleaſure from this expedition.—The party will conſiſt of intimate friends. *Derbyſhire* is a county I have often deſired to viſit, upon account of its natural curioſities; and where, if it anſwer my expectations, I intend to ramble for two or three weeks, as my good father did amongſt the wilds and precipices of *Weſtmoreland.*—I feel my ſpirits, which have been ſo long depreſſed by ill fortune and ill health, diſpoſed to give themſelves a holiday. I believe, my dear friend, they would entirely recover their elaſticity, and be tuned to vibrate in unifon with every pleaſing object around me,

were

were *you* but with me. To compenſate for this diſappointment as much as poſſible, I will religiouſly obſerve my promiſe, and convey to you as opportunity ſhall ſerve, ſuch a tranſcript of my journal as may appear intereſting or amuſing.

Now then, my friend, you ſee me mounted in good earneſt: But before I ſet forward, I beg leave to whiſper a word in your ear. It is only to inform you, that however I may manage my Steed, I intend to give the reins to my imagination. It is to be hoped, for the ſake of us both; that ſhe will never want a ſpur, though I believe ſhe will not often be ſo friſky as to demand a curb. It is poſſible that I may travel a great way without uttering a ſyllable, but ſhould the preſent talkative humour continue, I rather ſuſpect the contrary. When you are tired of my correſpondence, let me know it, for until you give me a friendly hint, I ſhall think myſelf licenſed to write on, though nonſenſe flow out with the ink. Adieu.

LET-

LETTER II.

CHARACTERS

ON THE

ROAD.

Veluti in Speculum.

TER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LETTER II.

Uxbridge, July 14, 1769.

To MARIA.

My dear Friend,

THIS ſentimental Hobby horſe ran away with me ſo faſt yeſterday, that I had like to have forgotten the principal deſign of my Letter; which was to ſketch out the plan of our future journey. To ruſh into the very marrow of the ſubject at the firſt onſet, would be deemed, I ſuppoſe, contrary to every rule of regular hiſtoriography; yet I thought it preferable to loſe ſight of *theſe*, than that ſo many fine thoughts ſhould be ſtifled in their birth, merely becauſe they came a little before their time.

But

But I am not much concerned about the above rules, provided I can obſerve thoſe of ſound policy. And may I not hope, *Maria*, that theſe few ſentimental ſtrokes at the beginning, are conſonant with the trueſt policy? Have they not already operated like ready caſh to a young tradeſman; and by enabling me to anſwer the *firſt* demands, eſtabliſhed at once my credit for wiſdom? And this point gained, I can afford, you know, to be as great an œconomiſt of it as I pleaſe. Every thing I ſhall advance in future, will doubtleſs have great weight, whether I deign to give my reaſons for it or not; as the *Capacity* of doing good actions, renders a rich man equally revered and careſſed, as if he exerted it. In fine, if I have but eſtabliſhed my reputation with you as a *Philoſopher*, I ſhall poſſeſs a full right and title to talk nonſenſe to the end of the chapter.

In order to put this glorious privilege into

into full force, I was going to tell you yeſterday, that it was my lot to be in a *metamorphorſical* humour, on my journey to this place; if you will allow me to coin the fifth part of a word. Some Demon, whether of Wiſdom or Folly, I ſhall leave you to determine, tempted me to turn *Magician*.—It muſt be either one or the other by the way, for I abſolutely diſclaim all dealings with the Devil, *as Prince of the Power of the Air*; and ſhould I treat with him as the *God of this World*, I am not more devoted to his ſervice, I ſuppoſe, than many of my neighbours; and therefore expect no diſtinguiſhed favours from his hands. Be this as it will—

I AMUSED myſelf with taking off the ſhell, or external covering from ſeveral of the paſſengers I met on the road, and with peeping at the ſoul, as ſhe was buſied in raiſing the Bulwarks of *Character* and *Appearances*; in order to entrench herſelf with

with ſnugger ſecurity, amongſt her favourite vices and follies which lay behind them.

How little, ſaid I, are we to credit the report which an outward ſhew makes either of human happineſs, or of the characters of men! It is very poſſible that yon coachman is more at his eaſe, under the garb of ſervitude, than the miſtreſs whom he drives, in her dominion. I'll try. Careleſsly waving my whip,—which I find for conveniency, ſecreſy, and efficacy too, equal to the beſt Conjurer's Cap, Necromancer's Ring, or Enchanter's Rod of them all;—the laſh of it encircled a ſpoke of the Chariot-wheel, as it paſſed me.

The Lady had, upon a ſuperficial view, a very venerable appearance. And I was tempted to imagine, that ſhe might be ſome happy devotee; who, having made a voluntary reſignation of her place in the gay

gay circle of youth to her grand-daughters, had bid adieu to the vanities of life; and by a regular attendance upon morning and evening prayers, making cordials, elixirs, and plaiſters for the ſick and wounded, with other acts of charity, was laying up as large a ſtock of good works for the other world, as her remnant of time would allow.

But I am ſorry to ſay that my Horſe-whip, in this inſtance, proved an enemy to charity. It diſcovered to me, that tho' ſhe affected a placid dignity of countenance, yet, this was no other than a *maſk* to the deformed features of her character; which were compoſed of coquetiſh vanity, ſupercilious pride, and waſpiſh chagrine. Her dreſs was fantaſtically gay; and her delicate boſom, which ſhe graciouſly exhibited to every paſſenger, *ſans ceremonie*, ſtruck me, who am a profeſſed lover of antiquity, with the veneration with which I ſhould contemplate a *drum* that

that had ſerved many a campaign in the *Marlborough* wars. A prayer-book, with a treatiſe concerning the preſervation of beauty, lay on the ſide of the ſeat, and a bottle of Circaſſian water on the other; a knotting-ſhuttle was in her hand, and a pocket looking-glaſs lay upon her lap. This ſhe frequently took up and laid down with a ſtrange mixture of complacency and petulance. The caſe was, Vanity pointed out ſome remains of a fine face, but Truth diſcovered ſcenes ſhe did not wiſh to know. She ſaw, and ſhe ſaw with the deepeſt compunction, that the hoary hand of Time had long been buſied in ſcattering a winter's froſt over her once auburn hair. She felt, and ſhe felt with anguiſh, his rough chiſſel tracing furrows in her brow. She had often attempted, indeed, to interrupt the old gentleman in his work; and ſhe vainly imagined that by the aſſiſtance of paſtes, powders, combs, lotions, and perfumes, ſhe had counteracted his rude at-

attempts, or blunted the edge of his tools: while in fact ſhe was only allowing him an opportunity to ſharpen them the more. Often did ſhe endeavour, by languiſhing accents and practiſed ſmiles, to entice back the departing Cupids to lie in ambuſh in her locks, or ſhoot their arrows from behind her wrinkles. Furies were eager to occupy the poſt, thoſe young urchins found no longer tenable.

PERHAPS I had taken her at a diſadvantage; a late unfortunate accident might have contributed its ſhare towards the diſcompoſure which I ſaw predominant in her countenance. The morning's employment has been to depoſit her plate, until the return of the next quarterage, with a pawn-broker of eminence, (frequently employed by the nobility) in order to defray the expences of a brilliant rout; in which ſhe was honoured with the company of perſons of the firſt diſtinction. But as no one can be compleatly happy

happy in the preſent chequered ſtate, this worthy perſonage hath alſo her misfortunes: For notwithſtanding every effort to diſplay her taſte and magnificence, ſhe was totally eclipſed the ſucceeding evening, by a lady whom ſhe is known to deſpiſe, and whom ſhe has often made the object of her ridicule, upon account of the inferiority of her rank and fortune.

THE thoughts of the Charioteer were entirely occupied about having his horſes properly trimmed againſt the next aſſembly-night; and if his miſtreſs will pleaſe to pay him his wages, which have been due theſe two months, he intends to buy himſelf a pair of ſecond-hand ſilver buckles upon the occaſion. And he pleaſes himſelf with the thoughts, that theſe, in conjunction with a pair of new white-ſtockings, will enable him to cut as brilliant a figure among the Gentlemen of the Stable, as his miſtreſs in rivalling all the *Belles* in the Ball-Room.

THE

THE driver of a Weſt-Country waggon next engaged my attention. This man, quoth I, is condemned to quit his midnight ſlumbers, and ſlowly to pace the dark and ſolitary road, even in the moſt inclement ſeaſons; and that perhaps, merely to gain a ſorry pittance for a wife and numerous family; while his happy maſter is doubtleſs enjoying and enriching himſelf at home, by means of the hardſhips and fidelity of this his ſervant. —As I approached towards him, I heard him chearfully carrolling to his team. Upon ſlightly touching the hem of his frock with my Rod of Intelligence, I found, that a winter's great-coat, with an oil-ſkinned hat, and a morning dram, were ſufficient barriers againſt rain and pinching froſts;—that early riſing, was by habit rendered a pleaſure;—that his gains, tho' ſmall, were ſure; and that his only ſolicitude was to drive the horſes with ſafety on the road, and take care of them at the inns.

But the proprietor is by no means an object of envy. Though the warm downy bed yields to his limbs, and he can hear the winds whiſtle around him, ſheltered from their rough blaſts, yet anxious cares baniſh ſleep from his eyes. Twice has he, partly by misfortunes, and partly by imprudences, become a bankrupt; and he is now upon the brink of inevitable deſtruction.

I then touched with my myſtic Inſtrument the carriage of a *man of Quality*. He ſat muſing and penſive in one corner of the coach.——Doubtleſs here is ſome ſcheme on the carpet for the public good, thought I.—He is deviſing ſome project to pay off the *national* debt.—

No; it is ſimply to leſſen *his own*, and ſtop the clamours of his numerous creditors. He has lately ſold two country ſeats, and mortgaged a third, merely to get rid of importunate viſitors. This would have given

given him a little reſpite, had it not been for an unlucky oppoſition he met with in a borough; where the vain ambition of bringing in his man, has not only expoſed him to the mortification of loſing his cauſe, but has thrown him again very conſiderably in arrears. He is now contriving a new Viſto through ſome woods, to anſwer his immediate wants. The difficulty is to conceal the motive. For he has made ſo many openings and interſections, to defray his exigencies after a run of ill-luck at the gaming-table, or at Newmarket, that the ſound of the axe is already become the jeſt of the neighbourhood.

As to his Poſtillion, Hilarity maintained her ſeat upon his countenance, nor did ſhe ſo much as flinch, at the briſkeſt flouriſhes of my ſoul-ſearching inſtrument.

THE next perſonage who paſſed me as I was ſauntering along the road, was a

venerable Pontiff, well mounted upon a proud ſteed, with a footman behind him. He holds a vicarage of 500*l. per ann.* preſented to him ſome years ago by a young Nobleman, to whom he had been travelling Tutor. As the tutor was a man of diſcretion, he knew when to accompany his charge, and when to ſtay at the inn, and leave his pupil to purſue his own enquiries: And the pupil being a man of gratitude, has rewarded his fidelity with the above living. The other day a ſecond benefice, of about 300*l. per ann.* in value, became vacant: and thinking it might enable him to do more good in his day and generation, our pious Divine rode up to town with the utmoſt expedition, to ſolicit the gift of it from his quondam Patron.

But, unfortunately, the living was engaged long before the death of the incumbent, to a noble Lord; from whom the Patron expects conſiderable preferment

ment in the State: and this noble Lord has already given it to the brother of his miſtreſs, who has lately entered into holy orders.

OUR Clergyman is moralizing upon the various diſappointments the Children of God meet with in their Journey thro' this wilderneſs. But to alleviate his affliction as much as may be, which is allowed to every man, provided only he makes uſe of *lawful* meaſures, he has formed a worthy reſolution of raiſing the tythes amongſt his dear pariſhioners, as ſoon as he ſhall return to the cure of Souls.

'TAKE care, yourg Gentlemen, don't 'ride over me."

'GET out of the way then, and be "d——d, Mr. Soberſides."

'VERY well, Sirs, ſays I. This is 'my revenge,' and I ſmack'd my whip.

ONE of theſe gay ſparks, I found to be the ſon of honeſt country parents. The extravagance of this hopeful youth, had ſoon exhauſted the little ſtore, their induſtry had been long in collecting. He has loſt, by his folly and inattention to buſineſs, ſeveral favourable opportunities of advancing himſelf in the world: and his only immediate proſpect is a voyage to the Eaſt Indies, in the capacity of a common ſailor; to avoid ſome very diſagreeable enquiries.

THE other is a Clerk in a counting-houſe. He has this morning robbed his maſter's deſk, to join a jovial party at a little diſtance from town.

HUMANITY caſt a veil over his future lot!

BUT what chariot is that with the green ſhades drawn up in ſo fine an Evening? The charioteer drives ſo remarkably ſlow too,

too, and ſeems to have ſomething of a leer upon his countenance?

My Magic Whip ſoon rendered the blinds as tranſparent as glaſs. I beheld an elderly gentleman, aged *ſeventy-five*, of a very grave aſpect, amuſing himſelf with a Miſs of *Sixteen*. He is not like your young thoughtleſs Bucks, that are fond of *oſtentation*, and that *triumph* in their vices. No; when he ſtrays from the line of *Right*, he takes care ſtill to walk upon that of *Prudence*. He has a virtuous wife whom he would not willingly offend, eſpecially as part of her fortune is at her own diſpoſal: and he has children, from whom the cautious good man hides every *appearance* of evil. He therefore takes the following method of gratifying his youthful propenſities.

This young Lady is boarded at a convenient houſe on the road, where ſhe paſſes for his niece. And beſides frequent

viſits, by way of enquiring after her health, he often gives her an airing in his carriage, as he returns from town; where his buſineſs, real or feigned, generally calls him twice or three times in a week. It is impoſſible for the coachman not to ſuſpect; But his maſter knows how to keep him diſcreet: And he finds it more advantageous to appear totally blind to what he cannot prove, than to hazard his maſter's diſpleaſure by imprudent inſinuations.

The Girl, young as ſhe is, plays her part to admiration. She has the art to make a profitable capitulation at every interview. A new preſent, by way of ſubduing the remains of her modeſty, or of pacifying her ſcruples, is always the term of freſh familiarities. He has been giving her a pair of diamond ear-rings: and ſhe knows how to ſet down the extacy they inſpire to the proper ſcore. She holds them in the hand which amorouſly encircles his neck; and gives them every moment

moment ſuch tranſporting glances and ogles, as were enough to make any man in his ſenſes, jealous of his own gift: But our Lecher is infatuated enough to attribute her tranſports, to the charms of his delicate perſon, and the fire of his conſtitution.

One incident made me ſmile. In the ardor of his careſſes, the upper ſet of the old gentleman's teeth fell into her lap*. This rendered him ſomewhat confuſed, but the girl with great prudence pitied his misfortune, and aſſiſted him in re-adjuſting them.

You will be ſurpriſed that a creature ſo young, ſhould be miſtreſs of ſo much addreſs: but a ſmall ſketch of her hiſtory will explain the myſtery.

* An accident ſimilar to this happened to a Lady recorded in *Le Diable Boiteux*.

SHE is the only child of a Couple in middling circumſtances; who keep a ſmall chandler's ſhop, in one of the outſkirts of the town. And as they are able to leave their daughter 200*l.* they were determined ſhe ſhould have a *genteel* education. To theſe parents ſhe is under obligations for her preſent advancement. They had the folly to place her out at one of the numerous boarding-ſchools for young ladies, where the ſame education is given to females in oppoſite ſpheres of life; and where every neceſſary accompliſhment for a *kept miſtreſs*, or a *girl of the town*, is carefully taught.

OUR Damſel, having good natural talents, made great proficiency in her learning. The firſt week ſhe thought herſelf a young lady, becauſe the Gouvernante and all the miſſes gave her that appellation: In the ſpace of a month ſhe deſpiſed her parents as low-bred and vulgar animals, only fit to ſerve in a petty

ty ſhop. In two months ſhe laughed at all domeſtic employments; ſcorned to take a needle in her hand for the ſervile offices of making a ſhirt, or hemming a handkerchief, or for any thing leſs than to work tambour, or the tent ſtitch. She next read romances—repeated love-verſes—learned foreign languages; that is, liſped the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in broken French—played half a dozen imperfect minuets on the ſpinnet—talked of young gentlemen—ſtored every corner of her brain full of love, intrigues, elopements, &c. Thus was ſhe, at the age of *fifteen*, rendered ripe enough to jump into the arms of the firſt gallant, who ſhould extend them for her reception.

A *French* Journeyman *Friſeur*, who attended the ſchool, and whoſe green long-waiſted coat, clubb'd hair, worked ruffles, fringed cravat, ſoftened and rendered *unis* by a general ſuffuſion of powder, entitled him to the character of

all-

all-accompliſhed, ſoon found acceſs to her tender heart. And as it was not in his power to make her higher preſents than a tortoiſe-ſhell comb, and a pot of artificial bear's-greaſe, ſtolen from his maſter, the amour was rather at a ſtand. At this juncture, our old gentleman, being ſtruck with the amorous caſt of her countenance rather than with any particular beauty of perſon, thought her well qualified to raiſe his languid fires: and he made her ſuch offers as no girl of prudence could refuſe: Eſpecially as this fortunate event enables her to indulge her favourite paſſion alſo. For now it is in her power to carry on the intrigue with her firſt gallant, at her eaſe; and repay herſelf, in the arms of the youthful barber, for the irkſome careſſes ſhe is obliged to beſtow upon her antiquated ſwain.

BEHOLD yonder goes a briſk Spark, bowling along in his gay Phaeton, with all the pride of luxury and pleaſure. His horſes fly like the foaming ſteeds of *Apollo*.

I ſmack'd

I ſmack'd my whip; and I found that altho' he has eſcaped with his life and limbs, yet he has overturned his fortune, and is driving headlong to infamy and want.

SEEING a lame old man levelling the ruts with a ſpade, I rode up to him: but as he was without diſguiſe, my whip was uſeleſs. An unreſerved converſation was ſufficient to furniſh me with a ſhort, but melancholy epitome of his life. The principal incidents of which were as follow: He was ſeized by a preſs-gang, in the beginning of the laſt war, and hurried on board a tender. Upon pleading earneſtly the miſeries in which a large family would be involved by his abſence, the Lieutenant had the humanity to propoſe, that if he would join the gang for a certain time, his releaſe ſhould afterwards be inſured to him. "No, ſaid he, I would rather *endure* an injury than *commit* one." After being expoſed to varj-

ous

ous dangers, he loſt a leg in that celebrated expedition againſt the Havannah.—His ſhare of prize money amounted to 50*l.*—The hopes of returning to his wife and family with this treaſure, conſoled him for the loſs.——He returned.——His wife was dead.—His eldeſt ſon had been happily reſcued from the infamy to which a pickpocket is expoſed, and ſent to ſea, by the directors of the inſtitution in favour of deſerted children; where he was however accidentally drowned.--An elder daughter had been at ſervice, but was afterwards ſeduced, and died upon the town.—Three younger children had periſhed in a work-houſe.—His exigencies being great and public payment ſlow, he was neceſſitated to ſell for *five* pounds his title to *fifty*.—With this he commenced ſhoe-black. But trade ill ſucceeding, he bought a wooden limb, a pickaxe and a ſhovel; and now obtains occaſional employ from the ſuperintendant of the road.

THUS was this veteran in diſtreſs the only ſurvivor of a numerous family; nor had he a diſtant relation to acknowledge him. He appeared as an *iſolated* inhabitant of this Great Globe, or like the maſt of a wrecked veſſel, raiſing its head above a tempeſtuous ocean.

HERE, thought I, is miſery complete. But I ſoon learned how much appearances had deceived me. A conſciouſneſs of having diſcharged his duty through every ſtage of action, and a releaſe from greater ſufferings, has made the eve of his boiſterous life tolerably calm and ſerene. It is true he now depends, like the fowls of heaven, upon Providence and the returning day for his ſubſiſtence. Providence and the returning day have not yet left him deſtitute. Bread ſufficient to ſatisfy the rage of hunger, and the refreſhing brook to ſlake his thirſt, have been always in his power. Nor is it unfrequent that he dines luxurioufly upon the offals of

of an ordinary, or the paſſing tribute levied upon the Humane; which ſometimes enables him to raiſe even an exhilarating draught. He ſleeps at night in barns and ſtables—yes, he *ſleeps*, inſured by his poverty from loſſes by fire, nor were his ſlumbers ever diſturbed by the apprehenſion of midnight robbers. His preſent deſires were abſorbed in longing for the refreſhing pint; for the day had been ſultry, and he was fatigued and thirſty. Theſe wants I ſoon ſupplied; and a donation too trifling to be mentioned, rendered him happier than numbers would be by the acquiſition of *thouſands*. He threw the ſpade over his ſhoulder, and limped away rejoicing, leaving the morrow to take care for itſelf.

But here comes Charles. Adieu.

J. B.

LET-

LETTER III.

CONTRASTS.

—— Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
- - - - - - - - - -
————Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſſembled joy:
And thick around the woodlands hymns ariſe.
Rouſed by the cock, the ſoon clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage—where with *Peace* he dwells;
And from the crowded fold in order drives
His flock, to taſte the verdure of the morn.

THOMSON'S SUMMER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LETTER III.

Stowe, July 16, 1769.

To Maria.

AT that ſweet hour of Prime, when the Cock's ſhrill clarion admoniſhes the drowſy dairy-maid to awaken from her ſlumbers; and by the repetition of his harſh deteſted notes, diſturbs the delectable dreams of Strephon's love and conſtancy, which had long poſſeſſed her amorous fancy, and which ſhe now yields up with a foreboding reluctance:——

—— When the Neatherd, ſtarting from his humble mattras, ſtrewed on the floor, in the dark corner of a cobweb-mantled-room, peeps through the apertures, which accidents, or unlucky boys have made in his mildewed windows, and be-

beholding the ſun has already tipt the lofty ſpire with gold, ariſes obedient to the wonted ſummons, and conducts the kine to their paſturage:——

—WHEN the calm Village re-echoes to the ſounding horn, and the melancholy reſponſes of the lowing herd:——

——WHEN the vigilant Shepherd winds over the woodlands to unfold his flock, that they may feed in luxurious liberty:——

——WHEN the Lark labours his flight upwards, acquiring ſtability, and improving his melodious notes, as every Chriſtian ought, the nearer he advances towards Heaven:——

——WHEN the myriads of yonder thronged Metropolis, worn down by buſy cares, or exhauſted by criminal indulgencies, ſink in the arms of ſleep, and, for a little ſpace, lie peaceable and in-

innocent, like the Chryſalis in its cone. —Save the prudent Citizen, whom the eaſtern ſky detects reeling from the tavern, or ſneaking from the ſtews, that he may maintain a conſcience void of offence *towards* MAN, and keep his character in due repair againſt the next election to ſome city honors;—Save the vociferating Watchman, who artfully anticipates the hour, that he may totter the ſooner to his ſordid ſhed;—Save the dire Sons of rapine, juſt retired to their ſecret haunts, and litigiouſly dividing their dangerous ſpoils;—Save the forlorn Daughters of infamy and want, who wandering from virtue and from peace, had laid down their wearied limbs in ſolitary allies, and attempted to reſt their guilty heads, upon the hard, unfriendly ſtone;—Save the aſſembled Children of induſtrious poverty, waiting with anxious impatience to be draughted off by ſupercilious taſk-maſters, to the arduous, or hazardous employments of the day; whether

whether to build or embelliſh the manſions of luxury, themſelves with ſcarce a home; or to groan under burdens of proviſions, and furniſh their ſuperiors with plenty, themſelves nearly deſtitute of the neceſſaries of life;—Save the thrifty Huſwife, who forſakes her couch to prepare the emblematic draught of bitterneſs for this family of toil;—Save the ſooty Infant, who, born to immediate woe, and ſtranger to thoſe ſoft indulgencies which tender years obtain from all, is driven from his ſqualid bed, and creeps along the ſtreets with naked limbs and feeble ſteps, crying his horrid trade with weak and plaintive voice.——

At this early infancy of day, did my animal ſpirits, invigorated by ſoft repoſe, knock at the door of my ſenſes, and again open their paſſage to life and action.

But, my dear Maria, I find this Pegaſus ſuch a hard trotting animal, to thoſe who

who are not much uſed to ride him, that I muſt abſolutely take breath, and be contented to inform you, in plain Engliſh, that between the hours of four and five in the morning, my companion and myſelf aroſe and proſecuted our Journey.

By the way, what a glorious privilege it is to be a poet! How it enables a man, like a dexterous cook, who transforms a calf's head into excellent turtle-ſoup, to make the beſt of every thing; and furniſh from his own reſources, rich materials to compenſate for the inſipidity of incidents. Some philoſophers have aſſerted, that the ſolid contents of the whole globe may be reduced to the compaſs of a middling ſized walnut. But I do imagine that theſe dimenſions would be rather too circumſcribed for common uſes; and notwithſtanding its preſent ſpungineſs, there is a great advantage in the enlargement of its ſurface, ſo as to afford ample ſpace for towns, cities, paſturage, arable

arable lands, rivers, mountains, countries, oceans, &c. In like manner, I humbly conceive, that, altho' the works of the moſt voluminous poet, would be reduced to a mere ſpeck, ſtripped of every adventitious ornament, and concentrated to plain matters of fact, yet that the variety of tropes and figures, pithy antitheſes, animated deſcriptions, elegant circumlocutions, entertaining digreſſions, and ſentimental reflections, more than compenſate for this increaſe of bulk.

I SHALL for the future therefore, with your leave, Maria, take the liberty of turning Poet, whenever the want of materials may render it convenient. But, I hereby ſolemnly engage, never to inſult your eyes with trivial occurrences, in the ſhape of a *rhyming Journal*. Heavens preſerve me from theſe crimes of a *minor* poet! 'this artificial combination of powerleſs words bordered with rhimes,'

as

as an elegant writer expreſſes it. By adhering to the ſaid reſolution, it is true, many valuable privileges muſt be given up. I ſhall be prohibited from enriching my narratives with the particulars of a ſumptuous dinner, or the luxurious repaſts of an evening, ſhould it ever be my good fortune to meet with them. For theſe are *rhyming* licences alone. A Rhymaſter, it is well known, may celebrate a whole larder if he pleaſes, while we writers of humble proſe may not venture to do juſtice to a ſingle veal cutlet, or the cook that dreſſed it. This claſs of poets may intrude a large bill of fare upon their friends with impunity, perhaps with applauſe, if their Muſe has but the leaſt ſkill in ſerving up a diſh; and while they are ſo dexterous as to make the ſeveral articles of an entertainment agree at the end of the lines, they are allowed to remain totally unconcerned about the diſorderly manner in which they may have ranged them upon the ta-

ble. And vainly do theſe gentry conceit, that the rehearſal of what they eat or drank, is a high treat to their readers, provided they have acquired the knack of jingling together the knives, forks, plates, glaſſes, and bottles.

I BEAR no man malice, Maria, nor do I envy theſe gentlemen ſuch privileges. But I muſt beg of them not to complain of the ſuperior difficulties of their art, and bemoan their reſtraints, as ſome of them do, as if all the hardſhips of compoſition lay on their ſide: were this the caſe, I believe half of them could not be ſo merry.—Let them lament as much as they pleaſe, their being ſhackled by ſyllables and rhymes, to the curtailing and maiming of many a fine ſentiment; —in my humble opinion, ſix or eight feet are no deſpicable help to a lame thought; and ſure I am, that in many caſes, they would not have had a thought at all, if a lucky rhyme had not very mer-

mercifully brought one with it. Often have I obſerved words jump with marvellous addreſs into the cloſeſt connection with the preceding line, when a dull proſaiſt would have thought them at leaſt a dozen leagues diſtant. And I have felt myſelf as ſurpriſed and diverted at their ſudden appearance, as a Clown at the theatre, when he beholds Harlequin leaping upon the ſtage from the pit, out of a cloud, an egg-ſhell, a tomb, a cloak-bag, or a fruit baſket. And indeed the chief ſentiment they both bring with them is, *how the deuce came you here?*

But to return to my narrative.

Whether my ſilent companion was diſturbed earlier than uſual, ſo that his animal ſpirits had not acquired force ſufficient to keep the doors more than half open; whether the fatigues of yeſterday were not ſlept away; whether it was his cuſtom to devote the firſt minutes to meditation; or whether the want of a break-

faſt had prevented him from collecting his thoughts, hath not yet appeared. The utmoſt I know of this intricate ſubject is, that except thanking Heaven for a fine morning, and expreſſing a ſlight approbation of the country ſeats, pleaſing lawns, and refreſhing rivulets, as we paſſed them, ſcarcely was there a connected ſentence exchanged between us, until we arrived at MESSENDEN, the place where we had appointed to breakfaſt.

A JOLLY, hoſpitable-faced-landlord, ſitting upon a bench by the gateway of the inn, was the firſt object that effectually rouſed my companion from his reverie.

"THIS is the beſt ſign of good living we ſhall probably meet with in our way, quoth Charles, and may I ſtarve if I paſs it by."

THE landlord, perceiving us to direct our courſe towards his caravanſary, advanced

vanced with a manly freedom, and performed all the duties of his office with a politeneſs, which indicated him to poſſeſs the genuine ſpirit of hoſpitality.

My friend, actuated by ſomething of an inſtinctive impulſe, ariſing I ſuppoſe from a reſemblance of character, ſprung from his horſe, and gave our hoſt as cordial a ſhake by the hand, as if he had been the intimate of his childhood; alledging with a jocular but inoffenſive tone, that his ſoul ſat with as much eaſe and dignity on his countenance, as his portly corporation had lately done upon the bench.

Charles was ſo ſtruck with the manner of his addreſs, that he could not forbear giving it a paraphraſe, as we walked up the yard together. "How different are the ideas conveyed by the modeſt welcome of our honeſt hoſt," ſays he, "compared with the vociferations of a buſtling

landlady, who would have alarm'd the whole neighbourhood in five minutes, becauſe two gentlemen think fit to take a breakfaſt with her; and who, by the loudneſs of her voice, and the violence of her geſtures, would have given much ſtronger indications of ſelf-confidence, than of ſolicitude to oblige her gueſts. Nor is it the ſoft inſinuating tone of an impoſing ſcoundrel, whoſe fawning accent, and ſervile air would have ſuggeſted, "Gentlemen, you are as welcome to my houſe as the heedleſs fly to the web of the inſidious ſpider. I give you leave to treat me with what indignity you pleaſe; I ſhall only ſeek repriſals in the items of your bill." Whereas this open face declares, "I am glad to ſerve every one of my ſpecies, who wears a decent form, and am as ready to adminiſter to your wants, as an hoſpitable caſtern to refreſh the ſpirits, and rejoice the hearts of the weary pilgrim. And tho' I am under a neceſſity to receive a gratuity,

tuity—for it is by taxes levied upon you, that I am enabled to accommodate others; yet I promiſe you my accommodations ſhall demonſtrate, *which* of us will receive the greater benefit of the two."

You perceive by this ſpecimen, that my companion makes ſome pretenſions to ſkill in phyſiognomy. Indeed he conſiders it as an invariable axiom, that WORDS are entitled to no other credit, than what their *accompaniments* can procure them. Verbal expreſſions, he remarks, do little more than propoſe the SUBJECT; it is the countenance, the tone of voice, the accent, the geſture, which interpret their genuine ſignification. *Policy* may dictate the one, but it is *nature* which dictates the other. And alas, adds my moraliſt, what is the ſtudy of humanity more, than learning how to detect mankind in the act of giving themſelves the lie!

Our hoſt really proved an exception from this too general rule, according to my friend's expectations. Finding we were diſpoſed to take a walk, while our breakfaſt was preparing, he undertook to be our guide, and ſhewed us the little ſingularities of the place, which are always the pride of the inhabitants, and frequently a tranſient amuſement to the idle paſſenger. He then conducted us to his farm, and pointed out to us the alterations and improvements he had lately made upon the premiſes. Afterwards he led us into his garden, and entertained us with exhibiting divers aſſortments of curious plants, fruits and flowers; and he ſeemed to think himſelf amply repaid for his attendance, by thoſe genuine expreſſions of approbation, which the neatneſs, variety, and taſte, exhibited in this delightful ſpot, extorted from us.

The upper part of this garden was terminated by a large and commodious alcove,

cove, elegantly furniſhed, commanding an extenſive and variegated proſpect over the adjacent meadows. The landlord, perceiving that we were charmed with the ſituation, courteouſly propoſed that the waiter ſhould ſerve up our breakfaſt there; which propoſition we chearfully accepted.

Oh for the pen of my worthy Sire, to deſcribe this enchanting ſcene, to do juſtice to the bread and butter and delicious cream, to raiſe up ſome fair philoſopher to pour out the tea, and captivate our hearts! But this our fate forbade. And altho' gallantry requires me to acknowledge, Maria, that nothing can atone for *ſuch* a loſs, yet truth will oblige me to obſerve that elegance, tranquility, and a plenty of the genuine luxuries of nature, had taken their ſeats within this rural tenement; while the gay parterre, contraſted by the wilder beauties of fields, hills, and woods, gave a delectable reliſh to our repaſt.

THESE ſcenes were much too pleaſing to be loſt upon my lively companion. They "unfroze the genial current of his ſoul," and ſet at liberty his ſportive ſatire.

"WHO can forbear," quoth he, as we were ſitting together at the tea-table, "making invidious compariſons—as a lover of *filth* would term them—between this houſe of elegant hoſpitality, and moſt of the inns in town?—where every ſurrounding object reminds you of a *priſon!*—where darkneſs and dirt are ſworn friends, and inſeparable companions!—where, upon your arrival, you are hurried from the vehicle through ſcents, and ſights obſcene, into a nook *ycleped*, a *parlour*, but to judge from appearances, you would take it to be the mongrel breed of a *garret*, in ſome fortuitous conjunction with a *watch-houſe*. The light, or rather *darkneſs viſible* of this commodious apartment, is either borrowed from the *bar*,—which indeed is but equitable, ſince the

the bar was borrowed from the room;—or it is catched, like rain water, from the roof of the building, filtered through a layer of ſmoke, plenteouſly ſpread upon the lattice. Happy are thoſe who can enjoy the day thrown off from a whitened-wall; and peculiarly favoured indeed, is the apartment that catches a glimpſe of the riſing or ſetting ſun, reflected from the caſement of an oppoſite garret window.

"In ſome ſuch gloomy cell, you ſit down to your turbid tea and rancid toaſt, if you can find them; and if you can perſuade yourſelf that *china* cups, and a *ſilver* milk-pot are equivalent to good cheer, you may chance to make a hearty meal."

Charles was now entered into the very ſpirit of his ſubject; and as ſoon as we had taken our leave of the hoſt, and were advanced to a convenient diſtance from *Meſſenden*, he began to exult in his tem-

temporary enlargement from the great city, in a ſtile, and with ſuch an emphaſis, that a ſtranger to his character would perhaps have called in queſtion the ſoundneſs of his intellects. "With what pleaſure, my friend Buncle, do I turn my back upon yon melancholy priſon!—upon thoſe regions of fuliginous vapour!—that aſylum of ſharpers!—that hot-bed of Satan! from whence he transfers a plenteous nurſery of venemous plants, into a ſtill warmer ſoil!—Upon yon ſuburbs of the infernal world! A vile colony of Beelzebub, ſtocked with the ſurplus of his own nefarious territories!"

I DESIRED my ranting philoſopher to compoſe his mind a little; and hinted to him that working himſelf up into ſuch a ferment, was not the way to *enjoy* this enlargement.

"You are miſtaken," ſays he, 'mine is not the language of anger, but of triumph.

umph; and by raiſing ſuch images in my mind, as I think moſt deſcriptive of that villainous ſpot, I enjoy ſtill greater luxury in the contraſt.

CAN I behold," continues he, " this ſplendid ſoul of day, whom, had he not a maker, I would this inſtant adore, ariſing with new vigor over thoſe harveſt-crowned hills, as if he had recruited his ſtock of bleſſings by his ſlumbers in the Ocean?—Can I contemplate variegated nature briſk and chearful at his approach, turning towards him to welcome his arrival, and like an affectionate bride, tacitly acknowledging that nothing but *his return* was wanting to make her happy? —Can I view the beauteous face of the creation,—enjoy the cheary light of Heaven,—wander over the widely extended proſpect, where the wiſdom and beneficence of the Almighty appears in every part, and proclaims good-will to all?— Can I feel the ſalutary and invigorating breeze,

breeze, rendered ſtill more grateful, by catching exhalations from thoſe fragrant bloſſoms, and bringing with it all the odours of the fields?—Can I hear the wild muſic of the ſprightly ſongſters, whilſt they are pouring forth notes of gratitude to their Creator, rejoicing in the gift of their little beings?—Can I once more, enjoy the bleſſings congenial with our frame, and which God benevolently intended to be the inheritance of man, without entertaining a moſt ſovereign contempt for the depraved taſte of a grovelling Citizen?—Who, inſtead of walking at large, like a free creature of Heaven, and beholding the open face of day, prefers the confined, gloomy, ſuffocating noiſy manſions of the town!—ſubmits to be jammed in between two parallel walls, commanding no larger proſpect than the diſtance of five yards in width, and twenty or thirty in length!——where all the variety he can boaſt, is from ſtreets to lanes, from lanes to allies, and from

allies

allies to courts!——and where, when he chances to lift his eyes Heavenwards, he ſeems as if he was peeping through the chaſms of a cavern!——where the moſt luxurous of the inhabitants are obliged, in order to obtain a little enlargement, to build their manſions in a *ſtable-yard*, and in the full contemplation of a *dunghill!*—where the air they breathe is ſcarcely other than a *circumambient common-ſewer*; ſo that it is a queſtion whether it be purified, or *contaminated* by its having been already received and diſcharged from a thouſand different pair of lungs?——where your ears are inſulted by numberleſs harſh diſcordant ſounds, and your ſight is afflicted by inceſſant ſcenes of irremediable diſtreſs!—where, in a word, the capricious inhabitants forego every genuine gift of Heaven, every *luxury of* NATURE, every thing that wears the appearance of cleanlineſs, peace, and tranquility, in order to poſſeſs a few artificial conveniencies, which

effe-

effeminate manners, and a depraved taſte alone have rendered neceſſary.—The rural Beggar, who wanders from village to village, depending upon the precarious bounty of others, though he knows not *where* he ſhall dine, *when* he ſhall dine, or *whether* he ſhall dine at all, upon ſumming up the account, would, in my humble opinion, appear the richer man.

Our Orator was going to enter upon the ſecond diviſion of his ſubject, which I fear would not have been very favourable to the *morals* of a Citizen, had not our arrival at *Wendover*, and the ſcenes which engaged our attention there, interrupted his harangue.

LETTER IV.

A SKETCH OF LONDON.

——Fornix tibi & uncta popina
Incutiunt urbis deſiderium video; & quod
Angulus iſte feret piper, & thus ociùs uvâ.

HOR. Lib. I. Epiſt. 14.

LETTER IV.

Stowe, July 16, 1769.

To MARIA.

YOU had reaſon to expect, Maria, by the concluſion of my laſt epiſtle, that I ſhould have proceeded immediately to deſcribe the ſcene at *Wendover*. But my conſcience will not permit me to be ſo inſufferably unpolite, as to addreſs a *Lady* upon ſubjects which have the leaſt connection with *politics*. Yet in order at once to gratify *your* curioſity, and ſecure *my* honor, I will refer you to the incloſed, addreſſed to my worthy friend *Franklin, junior*, whoſe honeſt and public ſpirit will not ſuffer him to deem a little common ſenſe, and a few plain truths, flowing immediately from the heart, to be

be the language of ſedition, or of unwarrantable diſcontent. As long as he agrees with me, and Mr. Pope, you ſee I place him in good company, that

" *Worth* makes the MAN,—the want
" of it, the *Fellow*,
The reſt is all but *leather* and *Prunella*,"

he will ſuffer me to pour forth my indignation againſt what *my* Dictionary calls *villainy*, tho' it may be found in men

" Stuck o'er with Titles, and hung
" round with Strings."

BUT, perhaps you may think me guilty of a tranſgreſſion againſt a more important rule of propriety, in writing to you from this place, without having firſt announced my arrival in due form. Surely, Maria, I need not already remind you, that we Sentimentaliſts claim the privilege of ſaying *what* we pleaſe *when* we pleaſe; and that if we ſaid any thing

in

in the common way, we ſhould loſe our charter. In the preſent caſe, however, be aſſured that I am ſolely governed by the love of regularity. Therefore am I determined not to let you know a word concerning our ſafe arrival, and having met with all our friends in health and ſpirits, until the order of my journal ſhall lead me to the ſubject:——Yet I muſt tell you one thing which pleaſes me much: there is a proſpect of our ſtaying here ſome days longer than was at firſt propoſed. This unexpected change in our plan, will afford me more frequent opportunities of writing to you: and by a proper œconomy of my time, by riſing early and employing two or three uninterrupted hours in the morning, together with a frugal management of the ſcraps and gleanings of the day, I hope to be able, not only to keep pace with the incidents of my journey, but to ſhew by my lucubrations, that I am ſomething of a *philoſopher*, as well as hiſtorian.

I HAVE

I HAVE taken poſſeſſion of an apartment, or Dormitory—I hope the name will not diffuſe any of its *morphetic* qualities,—the ſituation of which is delightful. My windows admit the morning ſun, and command ſuch an extenſive proſpect, that the eye can ſcarcely diſcern the diſtant hills from irregular fleecy clouds ſpread upon the ſkirts of the Horizon. The fertile country around me is beautifully diverſified with woods, rivulets, rich paſturage, and fields of yellowing grain, and populated by the early ſons and daughters of chearful labour. In the incloſures adjacent to the houſe, or upon the *fore-ground* of this landſcape, I am preſented with a pleaſing ſight of the jocund hay-makers, who, as Thomſon expreſſes it,

—" rake the green appearing ground,
" And drive the duſky waves along the mead.
" The ruſſet hay-cock, riſing thick behind
" In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
" Wak-

" Waking the breeze, reſounds the blended
voice
" Of happy labor, love, and ſocial glee."

You may imagine, my dear Maria, that a ſituation like this is by no means favourable to the office I am about to impoſe upon myſelf; which is no other than to ſit as umpire between my friend Charles and the poor inſulted Citizens. It is extremely difficult, I will allow, to obſerve an exact neutrality, or maintain a nice bias of judgment, only to be preponderated by *truth*, in queſtions concerning which the ſentiments and taſte are already formed, and the choice finally made. But it is yet more ſo, in a ſituation and a flow of ſpirits, diſpoſing me to *vindicate* theſe deciſions. Can one who *deteſts* Cities, be ſuppoſed to ſay much in their defence? who admires to a degree of Enthuſiaſm, the ſimple and yet majeſtic, the irregular and yet harmonious, the ſilent and yet enlivening ſcenes of nature, can *he* be expected to advance any thing

in

in favour of *lath* and *plaiſter*, *brick* and *timber*, ranged in irregular parallels, and called *ſtreets?*——or in oblong, oval, or rhomboidal forms, and called *ſquares?*—Can a profeſſed admirer of meandering rivers, flowery meads, bleating flocks, lowing herds, the pleaſures of the ſpring, the joys of harveſt, the luxuries of autumn, the hardy diverſions of winter, the beauteous proſpects of nature, the riſing and ſetting ſun, the variegated clouds, paſs any *flattering* verdict upon confuſion, riot, noiſe, darkneſs, confinement, and ſmoke? Difficult as this taſk may be, Maria, I have reſolved to attempt it.

A principle of honeſty obliges me to acknowledge, that my lively friend cannot be acquitted of partiality in his repreſentations. He has raiſed thoſe images, and expatiated upon thoſe objects alone, which correſpond with his own conceptions, without touching upon either the *diſagreeable* ſcenes that neceſſarily accompany

pany ſome parts of a country life, or the ſeveral advantages and attractions in the city, which ſerve as a counterpoiſe to thoſe inconveniencies he makes the ſubject of his wanton ridicule: whereas it is alone by forming juſt compariſons, that a true eſtimate can be obtained.

Let us therefore ſee what may be urged on the other ſide of the queſtion.

May not an advocate for the metropolis alledge, that of the many praiſes beſtowed upon a rural life, *ſome* at leaſt are due to that ſcience, and to thoſe improvements which frequently originate in *cities*, and from thence extend their pleaſurable effects to the country?——that the principles of agriculture, and a taſte for gardening themſelves, receive their higheſt perfection from the colliſion of geniuſes collected together in *towns?*—and that were the Ruſtic entirely left to his own improvements, no man of taſte would be fond of viſiting his territories?

SHOULD this argument ſeem too remote from the ſubject, the City advocate may, with a more immediate appearance of reaſon, maintain, that your poets and painters ſelect the *choiceſt* materials alone for their flattering deſcriptions; by which they deceive the ſimple and inattentive into a perſuaſion that the ruſtic life is a conſtant round of innocent pleaſures and amuſing ſcenes;—that peace, plenty, fine proſpects, perpetual ſunſhine, ——or green trees, ſhady groves, and cooling caſcades, juſt as he pleaſes, are the uninterrupted portion of the rural ſwain.—He might aſſert, that no man as yet has attempted the praiſes of a cow-houſe or a dunghill,—nor of a *hog-ſtye*, either for its cleanlineſs, muſic, or odoriferous vapors;—and that, altho' a general idea of tranquility and abundance may be excited by the *proſpect* of a farmer's yard, yet moſt paſſengers of a *cleanly* deportment, will chuſe to take a con-

conſiderable circuit, rather than paſs thro' it:—and he might add, that whatever his *Muſe* may like, the Poet himſelf would not be fond of riſing early, and treading after the heavy-heeled plowman until evening, over fallowed lands, in a bleak, driſly, winter's day.

May he not farther ſuggeſt, Maria, that the moſt paſſionate deſcribers of *rural felicity*, have ſtill betrayed their attachment to *Cities?*—that *Pope*, notwithſtanding he pronounces,

"Happy the man, who to theſe ſhades
"retires,
"Whom Nature charms, and whom the
"Muſe inſpires,"

was well reſigned to leave his ſhades, Nature, and the Muſes, for the noiſe and buſtle of the town? For, does he not boaſt,

"Envy muſt own I live amongſt the
"Great?"

and does not all the world know that the Great are ſeldom or never at their country ſeats? The *Mantuan Swain* too was very fond of creeping to the court of *Auguſtus*. *Horace* wrote ſeveral of his beſt pieces in celebration of a country life, when he was at Rome.* And it is affirmed, that the *nature-loving* THOMSON, compoſed that Eulogy upon early riſing,

"Falſely luxurious, will not man awake,"

not only in the centre of the city, but in the centre of his *bed*, at *noon day*, and that in the very middle of a *fine ſummer*.

---

* O Rus, quando ego te aſpiciam?
Sat. 6. B. II.

Me quamvis Lamiæ pietas, & cura *moratur*, &c.
——————tamen *iſtuc* mens animuſque
Fert——————————————
Lib. I. Epiſt. 14.

BUT

BUT methinks I hear you object, 'This kind of reaſoning is ſophiſtical, and unſatisfactory. It is at beſt a defence of a *city life* in general, rather than of the *metropolis* in particular, againſt which your friend has chiefly pointed his artillery; and although it be acknowledged that ſmaller cities may have their pleaſures and conveniencies, ſtill to be enjoyed in connection with the various advantages which the country affords; yet, you will aſk, what ſuperior attractions are there in a place where the majority of the inhabitants muſt, as long as they continue there, bid adieu to *nature*, and everlaſtingly ſhroud their heads in *darkneſs*, and *cloudy vapours*?'

I ANSWER, theſe are many and various, well adapted to a variety of taſtes and characters. Some of them indeed are criminal, others merely frivolous, and others again of a *laudable* nature. If you pleaſe, we will take a curſory view of the principal ones.

FIRST then, the *Gay* and the *Ambitious*, whoſe enjoyment is centered in making a figure in the world; who are willing to embrace a thouſand miſeries if they may but *appear* happy; theſe will naturally croud to the metropolis, as to the proper theatre of exhibition. That place anſwers their purpoſe the beſt, which contains the largeſt number of *eyes*; and without a ſpark of benevolence in their natures, would a univerſal *blindneſs*, render them compleatly wretched. Now, it is a ſelf-evident propoſition, that thoſe who place their happineſs in the admiration of others, muſt remain ſtrangers to pleaſure, where there is no one to admire. The beauties of Creation can wear no charms to thoſe whoſe attention is perpetually turned upon themſelves. Lawns, groves, and rivers, neither compliment nor flatter; but to this claſs of beings, all other language is inſipid. With impatience, therefore, do they fly to a ſpot where that dialect chiefly abounds.

But the inconveniencies attending ſo great a conflux of the rich and gay are obvious. Their multitudes pall upon the ſight, until an *equipage* and a *dray cart* paſs equally unnoticed by the ſatiated inhabitants. Or, ſhould ſtudied ſplendor and magnificence be ſufficient to awaken the attention of the publick, yet, if I may expreſs myſelf learnedly upon the ſubject, thoſe rays of admiration are unhappily divided and ſub-divided into a thouſand enfeebled and diverging fragments, which each fondly wiſhes to be collected in one focus, and centered upon himſelf.

With theſe we will aſſociate the numbers who conſider *Pleaſure* as the firſt buſineſs, the worthy purſuit of life. And to ſuch London is the grand mart of pleaſures, the very *Paradiſe of Mahomet*; where they may revel the whole circle of the hours, in ſcenes of the moſt refined, or of the groſſeſt diſſipation. They may wander from morning exhibitions, and

idle amuſements innumerable, to plays, operas, balls, concerts, drums, routs, ridottos, taverns, gaming tables, brothels, &c. until they have exhauſted the largeſt patrimony, the moſt promiſing health, and their whole ſtock of credit, character, and morals.

THE Town affords a tranſient entertainment to the occaſional viſitor, who is amazed at a mode of living ſo oppoſite to native ſimplicity. The buſtle of the city, the ſplendor of the ſhops, the parade of buſineſs, the variety of carriages and equipages, the immenſe congreſs of people, ſtrike him as a ſuperior kind of *perſpective box*, or *magic lanthorn*; and he cites upon his return, the wondrous tales of what he has ſeen and heard, to his liſtening and aſtoniſhed family!

THE Metropolis is alſo the ſtage of action for a *man of buſineſs*, whoſe principal object is the accumulation of wealth; and who,

who, ſportſman like, places all his bliſs in the *purſuit*, being deſtitute of either leiſure or taſte, for the proper *enjoyment* of his wealth. A man of this character cares not *where* he lives, nor *how* he lives, provided he can but engroſs the *means* of living; and let him but *poſſeſs* a large number of the *tickets* of enjoyment, he is by no means anxious whether they be ever drawn *prizes*, or not. The whole extent of his deſires is to make a figure upon the *'Change*; to render the *Firm of his Houſe* familiar to both the Indies; to be able to influence the price of a commodity, and to affect the riſe and fall of ſtocks. I need ſcarcely obſerve that, to one of this complexion, London is as it were the important ſpot, the point, the *fulcrum* on which he may place his *commercial lever*; and where, provided his lever have a ſufficient purchaſe, he may be able to do what *Archimedes* wiſhed for in vain, *move the whole world at will.*

THE City is the moſt encouraging mart for ſuperior abilities in all departments. It is a place that gives an equal chance to every trade and profeſſion; where the *meaneſt* of employments may become the ſources of wealth; and where taylors, chimney-ſweepers, old-cloaths-men, hair-dreſſers, and empirics, ſometimes acquire affluence, and often enjoy the privileges of being ranked in the claſs of gentlemen. But the misfortunes and inconveniencies are,—the man who brings his talents up to ſale, is often ſtarved before he can find a purchaſer.—The arts are generally encouraged in an inverſe proportion to their *utility*; and thoſe which moſt adminiſter to the luxuries and vices of mankind, are the moſt certain of rapid ſucceſs.—The forward and ſelf-conſequential wreſt from the rich and powerful, that patronage which is due to modeſt worth alone.—The ingenious artizan and manufacturer has ſuch temptations to indolence, extravagance, and profligacy, as greatly endanger

danger his complete ruin.——He who is able to furniſh the requiſite ſum to ſet theſe various hands at work, often becomes as rich as Crœſus by *their* ingenuity, while the promoters of this abundance ſuffer all the miſeries of dependance, and the inſults of capricious wealth.—And the *unſucceſsful* adventurer will ſoon be left to bewail his ill-fortune or his raſhneſs, in a loathſome jail, unaſſiſted, unheeded, and unlamented.*

LONDON is the happieſt place of reſort for the numerous gangs of ſharpers and ſwindlers, of different denominations. It is *here* they may occupy their various honourable profeſſions,—appear in a thouſand ſhapes and characters with great ſecurity,—may aſſuredly meet with unſuſpicious dupes in abundance, correſpondent to the characters they aſſume:—and

* The humane Society for the Releaſe of Perſons impriſoned for Small Debts, inſtituted ſince the above was written, in ſome meaſure mitigates the ſeverity of this remark.

by

by frequent acting, they will become ſo perfect in their parts, as to be able to deceive, if poſſible, *the very elect*,—I mean of *Mercury*, Maria.

WITH theſe we will aſſociate the whole tribe of thieves, pickpockets, houſe-breakers, girls abandoned to vice, bullies, hireling conſtables, and trading juſtices, who conſpire together to be the terror and peſt of all decent and ſober families.

BATCHELORS and ſingle men, whoſe circumſtances, or whoſe apprehenſions of burning their fingers with Hymen's torch, will not ſuffer them to enter into the conjugal ſtate, eaſily, and *too eaſily* find in Town *all* their wants ſupplied. The whole City is their own, if either the proper uſe or the *abuſe* of any thing deſerves that title. The Philoſopher's character of a *good man*, "he is *always at home*," may in a certain acceptation, be claimed by them, if they be entitled to no other.

other. For they may breakfaſt in one place, dine in a ſecond, ſup in a third, lodge in a fourth, or not lodge at all, without being miſſed or reſponſible to any one. It is *here* that their virtue is put to the utmoſt proof!—that goodneſs, where it is poſſeſſed, ſhews itſelf to be the genuine offspring of an upright heart and juſt principles, and not the illegitimate produce of *prudential regard to character!*—And it is *here* alſo, that an *unblemiſhed* reputation, and *foul* deeds, are by no means incompatible; and that *prudence*, *decorum*, and *hypocriſy*, may long ſerve a man inſtead of all the abſtemious virtues!

And yet, Maria, notwithſtanding their apparent liberty, theſe roving privileges ſoon grow irkſome. They are for ever ſtrangers to the dear delights of the ſocial ſtate, and the enjoyments of a well regulated family. He that is *indiſcriminately* at home, is *never* at home, and he feels himſelf a ſtranger, or a viſitor, amidſt his cloſeſt connections.

To

To the buſy Politician, who leaves all domeſtic affairs in confuſion, to ſettle thoſe of Europe; who is more anxious about the *national* debt than about his *own*; and who patiently reſigns his *family* to indigence and beggary, provided the *publick* commerce be in a flouriſhing condition:—and to the eager Newſmonger, whoſe itching ears muſt be continually tickled by freſh intelligence; who imagines that nothing can be of importance that is three days old; and who feeds as heartily upon trials, bankruptcies, ſhipwrecks, conflagrations, deaths, and murders, as upon the happieſt and moſt intereſting occurrences,—the numerous coffee-houſes, and other places of colloquial intercourſe, become the center of happineſs!

Nor can it be denied that London is in a high degree favourable to *ſociability*. Its inhabitants have ſuperior opportunities of chooſing their company, provided wiſdom ſhall ſtand at their elbow to direct their

their choice—Here perſons in ſimilar purſuits and ſimilar taſtes, whoſe ideas perfectly *amalgamate*, may aſſociate in a friendly club, and innocently ſpend their evenings in an agreeable converſe—Yet it is pity that late hours, and temptations to intoxication, ſhould often render it prudent for a cautious man, to abſent himſelf from theſe aſſociations.

To do ample juſtice to my ſubject, Maria, I muſt add, that the men who retain their religious principles, and whoſe education or conviction, teach them to give the preference to one mode of worſhip rather than to another, may, in yon great city, worſhip their Creator according to their inclinations, or the dictates of their conſciences. What Voltaire has obſerved of the different ſects in England, is peculiarly true reſpecting the Metropolis, "In their fathers houſe there are many manſions." Or rather they may chuſe which road they pleaſe in their journey to Heaven.

Heaven. And I doubt not but the *honeſt* and *good* in each road will find their way. Quakers, Anabaptiſts, Preſbyterians, Independents, as well as Churchmen, may *there* worſhip according to their own particular modes, and aſſociate with thoſe of their own perſuaſions. While the peculiar circumſtances of the place, frequent intercourſes of a commercial nature, and a general inattention to every other part of a man's character, except that of honor in his vocation, give to perſons of theſe different perſuaſions, the *fortunate habit*, rather than the Chriſtian virtue of univerſal and reciprocal moderation.

To thoſe falſely pious ſouls, who place the ſum of religion in perpetually frequenting lectures and ſermons, and who dream that conſtantly going to ſchool and learning their duty, is exactly the ſame as practiſing it, London is "a little Heaven below!" Tabernacles, Conventicles, morning, noon, and evening lectures, amongſt the

the Diſciples of Whitefield and Weſtley, amongſt Antinomians, Hutchinſonians, and Sandimanians, beſides occaſional preachers in Moorfields, and other convenient places of open exhibition; may ſo fully occupy every portion and ſmalleſt fragment of their time, as ſcarcely to allow them leiſure to cenſure thoſe, who, by omitting ſome few of theſe *forms* of godlineſs, enjoy more frequent opportunities of conducting themſelves by its *genuine power*.

London is alſo a place very advantageous to the Student in his purſuits of various branches of ſcience: where by attending upon different profeſſors, converſing with men of learning, genius, and experience; conſulting libraries, viſiting muſeums, &c. he may enjoy the means of making the moſt deſirable progreſs in his ſtudies,—if Heaven ſhould ſend him a competent quantity of reſolution, to eſcape the dangerous diſſipations of the place.

THE Town may alſo be thought the proper ſchool of *Manners*; where the Collegiate may wear off his pedantry, and the country gentleman his aukward addreſs. But the *Town*, in this connection, Maria, muſt doubtleſs ſignify the multitudes of Strangers who occaſionally aſſemble there, and from whom true politeneſs and courteſy of behaviour may ſometimes be acquired. For it muſt be acknowledged, that the plaineſt Ruſtic would not gain much by his commerce with the *Natives*. Few, very few of thoſe whoſe education has been confined to London, are examples of addreſs and engaging deportment, worthy a journey to town. Conſidering Europe as the moſt important part of the Globe; England as the moſt important part of Europe; and, it may be, the place of *their* reſidence as the moſt important part of the Metropolis, theſe Citizens of *accumulated* conſequence, treat with an air of childiſh ſuperiority and diſdain, all thoſe unfortu-

nate

nate objects who were not born *within the ſound of Bow Bells.* Theſe gentry are alſo very apt to miſtake negligence and inattention for eaſe; a dull repetition of the contents of a news-paper, for edifying converſation; pert reflections, and ſatirical inſinuations upon country life and manners, for wit and humour: whilſt their good ladies ſubſtitute affectation for politeneſs, a paſſion for every whimſical faſhion for taſte, and extravagance for grandeur.——And they both unite in the opinion, that all ſtrangers are bound to admire every thing peculiar to the place, even to its noiſe, confuſion, and filth. In a word, they ſeem to claim the privilege of behaving as they pleaſe: and forgetting that London may not be the firſt mart for *manners*, tho' it be for various other articles, they with equal folly and vanity, impoſe upon you their own *coarſe unwrought* goods, for the very beſt of the kind.

BUT, to take the word *Town* in its largeſt ſignification, as the reſort alſo of perſons of faſhion and diſtinction, I confeſs it is a place where a countryman may rub off his ruſt. But ſtill he muſt be careful what he rubs againſt; or he may exchange a little country dirt for city-coom; the innocent powder of a miller, for the ſoot of a chimney-ſweeper. He muſt be cautious not to loſe in ſolid weight more than he gains in refinement; not to exchange his honeſt plainneſs for duplicity of manners, or ſubſtitute a courteous bow and fine promiſes, for real offices of benevolence and friendſhip. Chymiſts well know that a nail or horſeſhoe, will, in an elegant ſolution of blue vitriol, throw off its rough coat of *iron*, and acquire one of *copper*. But the Chymiſt will not tell you that the *nail*, or the *horſe-ſhoe* are the *better* for the change. Nay, he will warn you, that altho' the ignorant miſtake it for *gold*, this wondrous

drous acquiſition is in fact an exchange for a *noxious* body inſtead of the *ſalutary* one.

THE Metropolis is a place worthy the temporary reſidence of the ſpeculative Philoſopher, who thinks 'the proper knowledge of mankind is man.' By converſing with ſuch a diverſity of characters, he may acquire a conſiderable inſight into the various modifications of the human heart. *Here* he will conſtantly behold the force of evil example, counteracting the original bent of a virtuous education!—the power of ſordid intereſt over one who had early imbibed the principles of ſtrict integrity, perhaps of *generoſity*; and of criminal pleaſures over the pupil of ſobriety! He will learn in time to calculate the weeks or months requiſite to metamorphoſe the ſon of a humble peaſant, into an inſolent footman; of a plain farmer's lad, into the coxcomb, or the fine gentleman!—He will lament to ſee the labors

of

of a pious parent, who when he was teaching the 'young idea how to ſhoot,' ſtrove to make it ſhoot towards *Heaven*, and watered the tender plant with many a ſupplicating tear; he will lament to ſee all his foſtering care, rendered abortive by the attendance of a ſingle month upon ſome diſputing Club, or ſeminary of ſyſtematic vice! Where the porter-inſpired-orator affects to laugh at his former principles, as the dull notions of dotards, unworthy a man of ſpirit and free enquiry;—ſtands forth the champion of infidelity:—or prompted by vanity, becomes the *hypocrite* of SIN!—dares to deny a faith which he yet believes, openly diſpute tenets he ſecretly reveres, and argue againſt convictions which, in his retired moments, 'harrow up his ſoul!'

IN ſhort, our Philoſopher will diſcover the power of connections and example, of intereſt or of pleaſures, to change the principles and diſpoſitions of men. And he

he will remark how eaſily thoſe who have no *ſtamen* of their own, no genuine unſhaken rule of conduct, no ſettled notions of virtue, and rational fear of Heaven, how eaſily they yield themſelves up to foreign impreſſions, like wax to the ſeal; or bear a diverſity of vicious reſemblances, according to the moulds in which they may be accidentally caſt!

After he has made general obſervations of this nature, for which every part of that great City will furniſh ample materials, he may ſtudy the leading characteriſtics, the diſtinguiſhing type of each diviſion.

In the *Weſtern* quarter he may contemplate the proud and faſtidious Courtier, uniting the extremes of haughtineſs and ſervility! ſwoln with the idea of his own importance, and yet courting the admiration of every tranſient ſpectator!—meanly cringing to thoſe in power, but treating

treating his inferiors with diſdain!—— laviſh of his bounty to ſycophants, and panders to his pleaſures, but deaf to the cries of the indigent, or the demands of juſtice!—betraying his country for gold, and hazarding that gold upon the turn of a die!——ſupercilious to thoſe who are dependent upon his ſmiles, himſelf a ſtranger to the independency of *a man!* —deſtitute of every moral excellence, but vain of his manifold titles and trappings of pre-eminence!—ridiculing the rigid reſtraints of virtue and religion, and torn aſunder by the conteſt of irregular paſſion, or corroded with diſeaſes generated by criminal exceſs!

AFTER he has ſtudied this portrait of modern greatneſs in *our* ſex, which, with a few honorable exceptions, I fear is too cloſe a reſemblance, he may caſt his eyes upon that moſt whimſical and inſignificant thing called a *fine Lady*; in whom, although ſhe thinks herſelf the

the moſt important perſonage in the whole Creation, he will ſearch in vain for thoſe characteriſtic excellencies of woman, winning ſoftneſs, modeſt reſerve, delicate ſenſe, elegant œconomy, and the regular conduct of domeſtic affairs, filial, conjugal, and parental affection, and a heart attuned to genuine friendſhip, ſympathy and love. The whole buſineſs of her life he will perceive to be *pleaſures*, and the indulgence of her capricious humors; and yet that ſhe is a *novice* in her profeſſion! He will find her a ſlave to faſhions which *diſfigure* the perſon ſhe is ſo anxious to *adorn*; a ſtranger to true elegance and taſte, although it be what ſhe chiefly affects; and *diſguſted* with the amuſements which have occupied all her thoughts! He will ſmile to ſee her miſtake affected airs for gentility—impertinence for familiarity—haughtineſs for dignity—volubility of tongue for eloquence—trite ideas and a round of hackneyed phraſes for ſentiment—the moſt abſurd proſtitution of

ſtrong expreſſions upon trivial ſubjects, for ſublimity of thought—a troubleſome pettiſhneſs of diſpoſition, for a delicate ſenſibility of nerves! And he ſometimes will have occaſion to be ſhocked at her breaking through the modeſt, the amiably timid reſtraints of nature, and conſidering *impudence* as a womanly virtue! —at her affecting to diſbelieve the truth of *religion*, while ſhe is the dupe of *childiſh credulities*; braving her MAKER with more than maſculine infidelity, and yet ſcreaming and trembling at the ſight of a *mouſe*, or a *ſpider!* He will obſerve her ſtrictly maintaining all the *appearances* of friendſhip, but totally loſt to its *reality*;—making generous offers of aſſiſtance to thoſe above the want of it, and neglecting common civilities to the needy and oppreſſed;—claſſing herſelf among the warmeſt of your friends in your preſence, and ſporting with your character in the hour of abſence;—eſtimating the worth of her aſſociates according to the *Rank* they

they hold in the polite world, and yet proſtituting all the *confidence* of friendſhip to her *chamber maid*, and the beſt affections of her ſophiſticated nature to *parrots*, *monkies* and *lap-dogs!*

HER moſt ſerious occupations, he will obſerve to conſiſt either in receiving or paying irkſome viſits of ceremony; in which her expreſſions of the happineſs ſhe feels at the interview, can only be equalled by the real languor and diſguſt ſhe experiences:——or in anſwering billets of unmeaning compliments:—or in ſatyrizing her own conceptions of friendſhip and politeneſs, by ſending round an empty equipage, attended with a train of domeſtics, to enquire after the welfare of her moſt intimate aſſociates! In the evenings, he will ſee her ſit down at the card table, with anxiety, impatience, avarice, anger, and a thouſand evil paſſions in her train:——and perhaps he may detect her, under the ſanction of

her ſex and quality, practiſing at the pool the dirty tricks of a *ſharper!*

THUS, my friend, from a general review of her whole life, will our Philoſopher either be tempted to turn a partial Mahometan, and doubt whether *ſome* of your ſex may not be formed *without a ſoul*; or he will place the exiſtence of ſuch a Being among the unſearchable myſteries of Providence!

SATIATED with theſe ſights, he will not be much diſpoſed to viſit the purlieus of the Hay-market, Cockſpur-ſtreet, and Piccadilly, where the dependants and appendages of greatneſs chiefly reſort; or he might here contemplate human nature in a maſquerade, if it be poſſible, ſtill more fantaſtic! He might behold perſons deſcended from the meaneſt parentage, and educated in the humbleſt walks of life, ſuddenly ſpringing up, like gaudy and pernicious weeds in the

place

place of nutritive grain: and in their various profeſſions of Barbers, Taylors, Hair-dreſſers, Milliners, Linguiſts, Muſicians, &c. aſſuming the airs, and aping the manners of their ſuperiors!

If our Philoſopher ſhould take a walk among the new buildings of St. *Mary-la-bonne*, he will not fail to admire the proviſions made in this commodious place, for adminiſtering to vice, and preſerving the appearance of virtue. Here he may chance to detect many a ſedate head of a family toying with a girl of the town; ——Ladies of ſtrict honor punctual in their appointments with their gallants;—kept miſtreſſes counterbalancing infidelity to their *benefactors* by generoſity to *ſtrangers*;—and females of *unqueſtioned* virtue deſtroying the conſtitutions of *ſober* youth!

Passing by St. Giles's, he may have opportunities of contemplating man

reduced to the loweſt ſcale of villainy. He may behold Vice enthroned on a *dung-hill*, ſurrounded with a retinue of impoſing beggars, thieves, pickpockets, and houſebreakers, enjoying in common all the privileges, without the chains of marriage; and acting over again in garrets and in cellars the crimes of the abandoned *Rich!* He may pick up this valuable truth out of the dirt,—that diſſolute manners are univerſally odious in Rags;—that vice appears in all her ignominy, where external ſplendor is wanting to varniſh the crime, or dazzle the eye;—and he may remark the truth of the Poet's ſevere adage,

"It is the *fall* degrades her to a whore;
"Let Greatneſs own her, and ſhe's
"mean no more."

LET our Obſerver viſit the City, and he will behold the full power of *intereſt*, and the various modifications of that governing

verning principle, the *love of money!* He will obſerve the virtue of induſtry, like Aaron's rod, ſwallow up almoſt eve ry other virtue; or like the moſt ſubtle leaven, inſinuate itſelf into every action, and every motive. He will find *this* at the bottom of many a vice, and largely blended with many a virtue: the bond of all ſocial connection, as well as the general cauſe of diſcord. Yes, my friend, the City is a place where almoſt every act of courteſy and politeneſs may be ſet down to the ſcore of *policy*;—where ſubſcriptions and donations to *miſery* ſhall moſtly be regulated by ſome latent expectations of *advantage*;—where the views of *intereſt* ſhall accompany a man to the tavern, to the play-houſe, to the public gardens, and authorize expenſive diſſipation and midnight revels!—nay, it ſhall even mix with his very *Religion*,—influence his choice of a *preacher*,—or direct his dubious ſteps to a place of worſhip, where he

may learn *not to love the world, nor the things of the world!*

He will find the diſtinguiſhing character of *your* ſex, Maria, to be an eagerneſs to pay the moſt *extravagant* compliments to their huſband's wealth; and by various arts of diſſipation, put his Gains and Credit to the utmoſt proof. In a word, he will obſerve ſuch a general ſpirit of luxury, ſuch an affectation of affluence amongſt our City Dames, as to diſcountenance the very appearance of œconomy, and render them a willing prey to milliners, laundreſſes, and domeſtics! He will perceive ſuch a rage for imitating the prevailing faſhions, as breaks down every diſtinction, and confounds every claſs;—ſo that he ſhall find it difficult to diſtinguiſh the miſtreſs from her waiting-maid, or decypher the wife or daughter of a Butcher, Baker, Tallow-chandler, or Poulterer, in a publick aſſembly, from a rich heireſs, or the conſort of

an

an opulent merchant! He will frequently hear of affectionate wives, who plunder their dear partner at *home*, that they may ſupport his reputation *abroad*; and in league with their ſervants, advance the price of every marketable commodity in their daily accounts, to raiſe a fund for theſe ſecret and laudable ſervices. He will often meet Females ſtepping out of paltry ſhops and dirty courts, like an heroine on the ſtage from a cottage or a priſon, *in all the pomp of dreſs!* and he may ſometimes detect the notable houſewife performing her common domeſtic offices, in *Silks*, *laces*, and *brocades*,—either from her unconquerable attachment to *finery*, or becauſe the *poverty* of her wardrobe will not allow her the neceſſary change of ſuits!

In the various outſkirts of the town our inquiſitive obſerver may be witneſs to an odd aſſemblage of characters and ſituations. He will find ſome few who

deſire to live and *deſerve* to live, and are ſo fortunate as to ſucceed; many who *would* live, and *cannot*; great numbers who *might* live, and *will* not; and no ſmall number who *do* live, and do *not deſerve* it. He will often diſcern ſilent Want and Sickneſs privately ſtruggling with woe, while Impoſture intercepts the plenteous ſtreams of mercy, which would otherwiſe gladden their hearts! He will remark, with a mixture of pity and indignation, the cruel policy of the times, which ſets open ſuch multitudes of houſes for the purpoſes of riot and intoxication, and thus debauches the morals of the people, in order to increaſe the publick revenues!—To this cauſe will he principally attribute the frequent ſight of inſolence in rags;—of ſpirits grown ungovernable by being loſt to every ſenſe of decency of character;—of men reduced to the loweſt ebb of wretchedneſs, even beyond the *feeling* of their own miſery;—and terminating their worthleſs exiſtence, by falling

falling victims to the laws, through crimes of which the laws themſelves have been the parents, the nurſes, and the guardians!

By the water ſide he may contemplate the ſons of Neptune. He will ſee an active impetuous race, equally ready for great and noble exploits, or for riot and confuſion—as the moſt trivial circumſtances ſhall decide! He will find them *generous*, becauſe improvident and thoughtleſs; *brutal*, becauſe they are themſelves hardy; and *courageous*, becauſe they are ignorant of danger! In the ſame perſons, he will be witneſs to inſtances of more than Roman virtue, mixed with the vices of a ruffian!

He may often behold a city mob doing *wrong*, in order to rectify abuſes:—ſallying forth to revenge real or imaginary evils, and committing ſtill greater in the attempt;—meaning well, and actuated

ated by right principles in the *firſt* inſtance, but in the next degenerating into a lawleſs banditti;—hiſſing, hallooing, pelting, or leading in triumph, a *Prince* or a *Beggar*, according to their ideas of merit or demerit; but changing theſe ideas with every wind that blows.

If curioſity or commiſeration ſhall induce him to viſit the numerous Priſons, he will ſee places intended for ſchools of reformation, become nurſeries of vice. He will obſerve men rendered ten-fold more daring and experienced in iniquity, by their *puniſhments*;—loſt to every ſenſe of ſhame, except the ſhame of having any remaining virtues; and familiarized to ignominious deaths, until they placidly contemplate them as *natural events*.

Should our *ſpeculative* chance to be at the ſame time a *practical* Philoſopher, he will retire with due expedition from a place, where, it is true, there is ſo much

to

to learn, yet ſo little to pleaſe. But if fate ſhould oblige him to take up his reſidence there, he will make the beſt of the matter; prudently enjoy all the advantages the Town affords; convert his knowledge of mankind, if poſſible, to their uſe; and judging with Horace,*

" In either place 'tis folly to complain,
" The Mind, and not the Scene creates
" the pain,"

he will ſeek happineſs within himſelf, by the practice of virtue, and the purſuit of uſeful ſcience; which, fortunately for man, require no particular ſoil of Town or Country, but will grow and flouriſh equally well wherever they are properly cultivated.

Adieu,

J. B.

* Stultus uterque locum immeritum cauſatur iniquè.
In Culpa eſt Animus, qui ſe non effugit unquam.
LIB. I. Epiſt. 14.

LET-

LETTER V.

ELECTIONS.

Sitot que quelq'un dit, des affaires de l'Eſtat *que m' importe*, on doit compter que l'Eſtat eſt perdue.

ROUSSEAU.

LETTER V.

Stowe, July 16, 1769.

To —— FRANKLIN, Junior, Eſq;

WENDOVER.

HEYDAY! What is the matter? Behold all the marks of an invaſion, or a civil war! Windows broken, doors demoliſhed, ſign-poſts humbled to the duſt! Here ſtands a man with a broken arm, and yonder go two or three more with bruiſed faces and black eyes! Prithee, what have you all been about?

" '*Lectioneering*, Sir," anſwers an elderly man, to whom I addreſſed my enquiry.

quiry.—'*Lectioneering!* what do you mean by that, good man?'

"WHY, it's going about to be made a *Parlament man on*; and he that gets the moſt votes carries the day."

'BUT I do not ſee the connection, my honeſt friend, between chuſing Mr. A. or Mr. B. for your repreſentative, and demoliſhing your town, or knocking one another on the head.'

"DON'T you? Why then I can tell you, *meiſter*," ſays the old gentleman, with a ſmile of contempt aimed at my ignorance. "Theſe great fokes makes us little fokes drunk, and when we are drunk we fight, and when we fight we do miſchief, that's all."

'THE greater fools you to make yourſelves ſuch beaſts.'

"NAY, as to the matter of that, I think your great fokes ought to know better

ter than to ſet us together by the ears, to ſerve their own turns."

'AND I think you ought to know better than to be ſet together by the ears by them.'

"L—d, Sir, if *you* could get your belly full of *vittels* and drink for *nothing*, and money given you into the *bargan*, you would now, I'll wornt you. There is the *White-lyon*, and *Grey-hound*, and *Blackamore's-head*, has been open for theſe three weeks *ſucceſsfully*. Ale was given away by pails-full. You might go in and eat and drink 'till you burſt again, at any time, and nobody would take no notice like."

'So then you are fond of the diverſion, I find.'

"ALACK a day, Sir! I have lived in the town, and paid ſcot and lot thirty-one years and an half, come *Michaelmas* next: and

and I've polled for eleven *parlament men*, and have got my ſwill of ale, and a broken pate e'ry time, thank God."

'So I ſee theſe worthy gentlefolks firſt make *beaſts* of you, and then claim the honour of being your *repreſentatives*;—that's curious enough! But pray tell me what theſe parliament men are good for when you have them,' ſays Charles, 'for on my life, I know not?'

"Good for, Sir! bleſs your heart! good for! why if it was not for them, we ſhould all be over-run with *Papiſhes* and *Preſbyterians*, God knows."

'And what harm would they do you?'

"Lud, Sir, how you talk! Why they would knock us on the head, if we did not wear *wooden-ſhoes*, and go to the *Pantile* houſe!"

'So you knock one another on the head to prevent theſe calamities!'

"Aye

"AYE to be ſure. Thof I ant now the man I was, I'll fight for Old England as long as there is a drop of blood left in this old carcaſe of mine; and I'll ſtand up for the Church too, *agen* all the *Preſbyterian ſons of bitches* in the nation, as long as my name's *John Marlow*, that I *wul*? I'll be damn'd if I don't."

WITH this pious exclamation, honeſt *John* broke from us rather abruptly, and joining ſome of his aſſociates at a little diſtance, raiſed a laugh upon us as we paſſed them.

ALTHOUGH the deſcription of this ludicrous ſcene may afford my worthy friend a momentary amuſement, yet no man who wiſhes good to individuals, or is a true lover of his country, can ſeriouſly reflect upon ſcenes of a ſimilar nature, ſo frequently repeated, without the utmoſt abhorrence. The people, when they are thus aſſembled for the purpoſe of electing a Re-

a Repreſentative, may juſtly be deemed not only one part of the Legiſlature, but the moſt important part:—from them Governors derive their power; and for their benefit alone all good governments are inſtituted. And when their ſuperiors in fortune, or in education and underſtanding, take advantage of the indigency and dependent ſtate of the lower claſs of people, or of the ignorance of uncultivated minds, and thus ſeduce or impel them to proſtitute the right which Nature and our excellent conſtitution have put into their hands, they are guilty of an attempt as baſe in its motives, as it is ruinous in its conſequences.

The Election of Repreſentatives in Parliament, is the moſt important act in which the community at large can poſſibly be engaged. Nay, it is the only public act in which they have *authoritative* concern; and the iſſues of it remain irremediable for a ſpace of time, long enough, at

at ſome critical periods, to ruin a whole kingdom. Surely then Conſtituents ought to be well inſtructed in the nature of this their power, and taught how to direct it to the general good! And yet, my friend, where ſhall we find this diſpoſition in thoſe *able* to inſtruct them? On the contrary, is there not, almoſt univerſally, a diſpoſition to *deceive* and *abuſe?* Are there any inſtances in civil ſociety, of immoralities, chicanery, and *abſolute villainy*, *equal* to thoſe manifeſted in the conduct of our Elections? I muſt confeſs my aſtoniſhment at finding ſuch a *contraſt* in the human breaſt, as theſe periods diſcover.—Thoſe, who perhaps are of decent and honourable deportment, in all the concerns of *private* life, ſeem at *ſuch* ſeaſons, to glory in acting the parts of *deceitful knaves*; and without pretending to a diſpenſation from any Pope, mutually conſent to be guilty of as great a quantum of wickedneſs, at theſe carnivals, as the moſt indulgent Pope ever had the inſolence to par-

pardon! But, my good friend, do virtue, honour, integrity, change their lively natures when the cauſe becomes *national*? Or, can thoſe vices which are execrated in the *individual*, become the ornament of a *partizan?* Can thoſe diſhonourable acts which would diſgrace the perpetrator in his own *circumſcribed* ſphere,—where their influence is merely *local*—become *leſs* culpable in proportion as their malignant effects are *extenſively diffuſed?*—Or, tell me, is virtue ſuch an irkſome reſtraint upon men, that they ſhall be glad of an opportunity to give their conſciences a reſpite, and a ſchool boy's holiday, and ſeize the occaſion, when a regard to character is ſuſpended, of giving a looſe to the natural propenſity of their minds?

WHATEVER be the cauſe, it is enough to amaze thoſe who retain any portion of their native ſimplicity, and ſtrike horror into the minds of ſuch who ſtill feel the workings of common humanity, to con-

ſider

ſider what *deſperate* means are employed to anſwer the moſt *trivial* purpoſes!—To reflect how many an honeſt, ſober, diligent Mechanic, has degenerated into an indolent Vagabond, or been corrupted into a perjured Villain, in conſequence of the reigning diſſoluteneſs of theſe ſeaſons!—How many a worthy and induſtrious family, have been threatened with immediate ruin, or actually turned a-drift from their habitations, ſimply as ſacrifices to the puerile ambition of an inſignificant individual, who, it is probable, is not of half the conſequence to the publick weal, as the Farmer, the Weaver, Shoemaker, or Taylor, whom he ſeduces, depraves, or overwhelms with miſery!

And, *for what* is all this violent commotions?—*Wherefore* this temporary civil war?—*Why* muſt contention, hatred, and irreconcileable animoſities, be let looſe upon a Borough or a County?—Is it not to determine ſome abſurd point of ho-

nor, between the *leaders* of contending parties? where the importance, and perhaps the very *names* of the rival candidates*, are *loſt* in the conteſt of their lawleſs abettors?—Or is it not to return ſome ſupple animal who *buys*, that he may *ſell* you?—who *fawns*, that he may betray?—who, like the fox in the fable, perſuades you to let him mount upon your ſhoulders, that he may leave you in the pit?—Is it not eventually to *oppreſs* the people who gave the ſervile ſuppliant his political exiſtence; and to *enſlave* the conſtituents whom he is choſen to *protect?*

Not only do facts evince that this invective is innocent of ſlander, but the *argumenta a priori* will corroborate its truth. It is not to be ſuppoſed, my good friend,

* In a late conteſted Election for a certain Borough, numbers of the Electors, not knowing the names of the Candidates, for whom they gave their ſuffrage, diſtinguiſhed them by, my Lord *N*——'s *man*, Lord *S*———'s *man*, &c.

that

that any Conſtituent or his Partizans will commit theſe vices from *virtuous* motives:—that they will *ruin* mankind to *ſave* the nation;—break down the firſt laws of humanity, the love of peace, of ſobriety, of integrity, out of *zeal for the common wealth*;—and do their utmoſt to *ſubvert* our Conſtitution, that they may ſhare in the honor of making laws intended for its *preſervation*.

I KNOW but *one* circumſtance, which can poſſibly aggravate the iniquity of this conduct, and that is, when a *Peer of the Realm* engages, directly, or indirectly, in the conteſt. This is ſuch an inſolent infringement upon the common rights of mankind, as ought never to paſs without exemplary puniſhment;—were it poſſible to bring thoſe to condign puniſhment, who deem ſecurity a law, and claim a privilege to act *ignominiouſly*, from the very ſplendor and dignity of their character! For can there be a more ignominious con-

duct, than for a Nobleman, who in his own right is *one* branch of the Legiſlature, meanly to encroach upon the rights of the *other?*—to laviſh his wealth in corrupting the principles of an unthinking Freeholder, and influence him in the choice of a Repreſentative, part of whoſe office it is to watch over, and reſtrain the *abuſe* of that power which his Rank neceſſarily beſtows?—Can there be a more ſhameful ſoleciſm, than for one who is deemed *firſt* in the claſs of *Gentlemen*, to exert his influence in the appointment of a perſon, who is to be a defence againſt *his own encroachments?*—and break through the beſt barrier of the Conſtitution, that a *creature of his own* may be elected as a *guarantee* of it?—The ſevereſt laws againſt the open invaders of another's property, or poachers of their favourite game, to which theſe Perſonages ever gave their ſuffrage, ought, according to the *Lex Talionis*, to be returned upon themſelves! I muſt confeſs, my friend, that when I behold theſe

theſe *Right Honorables* ſport with the liberties of mankind, and aim at graſping all the power and influence in the kingdom to themſelves, I cannot forbear in the warmth of my reſentment, reducing the metaphorical language of Shakeſpeare's Gardener, to its more literal interpretation.

" Cut off the heads of too faſt growing
" ſprays,
" That look too *lofty* in our common
" wealth:
" All muſt be *even* in our government.*

SHOULD my good Franklin think that his friend is, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, *warm* upon the queſtion, he anſwers, that there are ſome things of *too ſerious* an import to bear a ſmile; that there are ſome actions, of which, altho' they entitle a man to a ſeat in *Bedlam*, the *villany* ſhall yet exceed the *folly!*—And in theſe caſes, the indignation of every one who feels in any reſpect, correſpondent with the na-

ture of his ſubject, muſt riſe ſuperior to his love of ridicule.

" *Omne animi vitium tanto conſpectius in ſe*
" *Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat*
" *habetur.*†

BUT to return to our Plebeians.

WERE I to follow the natural train of the argument, I ſhould only urge what has been repeated times innumerable :——I ſhould of courſe bewail the inequality of repreſentation, the abſurdity of Boroughs almoſt without inhabitants, appointing Delegates to maintain their rights, while the rights of thouſands and tens of thouſands remain defenceleſs :—I ſhould lament that the choice of the Repreſentatives of a populous and flouriſhing nation, ſhould be confined to ſo *few*, and often to ſuch *foul* and *unworthy hands* :—I ſhould vainly deſire that vice would correct it-

* RICHARD II. Act 3. †JUVENAL.

ſelf,

ſelf; and that thoſe who are naturally diſpoſed to *abuſe* their power, would be the firſt to *reform* this abuſe. Yet I cannot forbear wiſhing, that every individual in the nation *felt* the injury of being excluded from a ſhare in the Legiſlature, and ſought ſome conſtitutional and effectual method of redreſs. For without a voice, either in the Parliament itſelf, or in the choice of a Delegate, their deareſt privileges may be bartered away for a paltry-bribe, or a Cann of ale! In ſhort, one claſs of men are totally at the mercy of another! And if this bears any part in the definition of a *ſlave*, they are ſlaves, tho' for the preſent they feel not the chain!

But altho' a radical cure of this dangerous diſeaſe is not much to be expected, and perhaps could not be accompliſhed without ſuch violent convulſion, as might greatly endanger our political conſtitution, yet I think ſome very conſiderable palliative might be adminiſtered.

Is THERE not great reaſon to believe, that great numbers, perhaps a majority of the Freeholders, wanton with the liberties of their fellow Citizens, merely thro' groſs ignorance, or culpable inattention? —that they have the moſt confuſed ideas of the office of a Repreſentative in Parliament?——that, altho' the welfare of the whole nation ultimately depends upon their deciſions, yet they know as little of the matter as *John Marlow*, who thought that a parliament-man was to guard him, ſome how or other, againſt *Papiſts*, *Preſbyterians*, and *wooden-ſhoes?* I would recur therefore to the idea which was firſt ſuggeſted:——that ſome proper method ſhould be adopted, fully to acquaint the Electors with the nature and importance of their power, at ſuch intereſting periods; ——that they ought to be inſtructed in the common liberties of mankind, the general principles of government, and the deſign of all civil ſociety!——Would it not be highly meritorious to thoſe who retain

tain any ſparks of public ſpirit, and are *patriots indeed*, to draw up a plain and clear ſummary of the privileges and duties of an Elector, to be put it into the hands of every Freeholder in the kingdom, particularly at the eve of a General Election?——Ought not theſe Electors to be informed, that *they* are at ſuch junctures the repreſentatives of *others*?——that they ſtand in the place of *thouſands*?——That *perjury* is not the only vice of which they can be guilty, that they may at the ſame time, be guilty of aiding and abetting *oppreſſion*?——that the choice of a man, avowedly unqualified, either from the known want of capacity, or of publick or private virtue; or from his being already the ſervile minion of the Court, are alſo crimes of the firſt magnitude?——that *they* are reſponſible for the meaſures *that* man ſhall eſpouſe?——and if the nation be ruined, by the choice of unworthy Repreſentatives, which is the danger of the

preſent times, the ruin of the whole Empire reſts *with them*?

Nor would ſuch friendly, and truly patriotic admonitions, be ſeaſonable to the *lower* claſs of Electors alone; but many of their Superiors might alſo profit by them. For is it not notorious, that while the one are thus eaſily ſeduced or deterred from voting with impartiality, the Others as eaſily and unthinkingly enliſt themſelves on the ſide of the ſeducers? Or do they not fall into the oppoſite extreme; and treat with the utmoſt indifference, a concern in which the intereſts of the whole ſtate are embarked? Are there not thouſands, whoſe characters and fortunes entitle them to a very reſpectable and *lawful* influence in the Conſtitution, that are reſtrained by indolence, or puſillanimity, from giving their ſuffrage at all?—Or otherwiſe, do they not conſider the election of a Candidate as a matter of *perſonal favor*, rather than of *publick truſt*? and attend infinitely

ly more to partial recommendations, and family connections, than to the political principles, or the honor and probity of the Party whoſe cauſe they eſpouſe?

THE Scene at *Wendover*, is I fear too juſt a repreſentation of the ignorant Freeholders in general, who barter away every thing that is valuable for a treat at an Inn. But I really think our friend, to whom I have heard you give the ſignificant title of *Sir Indifference Wealthy*, is as genuine a ſample of the claſs I now mention. Since I ſaw you laſt I have had the honor of dining with this good Knight, who is really a worthy Individual, and if poſſible, ſtill more reſpectable for the goodneſs of his heart, than for the excellence of his dinners. But he ſeems to have the public ſpirit of an *Oyſter*; and to be as inattentive to every national queſtion as his faithful dog *Turpin*, that is borne down with years, indolence, and fat. While we were at table, I endeavoured

to

to rouze the old Gentleman from his lethargy, by expatiating, with ſome vehemence, upon the abſurd and iniquitous manner in which elections were conducted.

"PSHA! It's a *cuſtomary thing*, ſays the Knight."—You muſt know that he voted at a late election in the county of N——, for a man whoſe character, both public and private, was very exceptionable, merely becauſe their *Lands lay contiguous*; and he thought it would be *unneighbourly action* to vote againſt him.

"IT is a cuſtomary thing," ſays the Knight, as he helped himſelf to a bit of Turbot.

ITS being ſo cuſtomary, ſays I, is one grand ſubject of my complaint.

"I DON'T ſee much in it,'. quoth he, "it always was, and always will be ſo."

I ANSWERED, that I could not help ſeeing

ſeeing a great deal in it; and that if his propheſy was true, there was but a gloomy proſpect for the nation.

"AYE, you croaking Politicians, are always foreboding evil:—Why we live as well now as ever we did," quoth my Hoſt,—and helps himſelf to the other ſlice.

THIS may not always be the caſe, Sir, ſuppoſing it admiſſible for you to judge of the ſtate of Myriads, by the plenty which your ample fortune affords you. And permit me to obſerve, that if your *Predeceſſors* had been as indifferent to the common intereſt of mankind as yourſelf, it might not have been in your power to have lived as at preſent: and were every man of influence to be governed by the ſame ſupine maxims, your *Poſterity* will never ſee Turbot or Turtle at the Tables of any but of Prieſts, Placemen, and Penſioners; who will riot in luxury by grievous taxes on their eſtates, if not by an iniquitous confiſcation of the whole.

HIS

His mouth was full, and he was ſilent.

The more the evil is cuſtomary, the more it is multiplied and encreaſed, Sir Knight. The repetition of a vice five thouſand times, can never change it into a virtue; tho' our familiarity with it may render us inattentive to its nature or conſequences. It is a cuſtomary thing alſo for the total abſence of public ſpirit, and a general corruption of manners, to deſtroy a Nation; and ſhall any, from this ſhallow conſideration, ſit eaſy in the proſpect of its diſſolution?

I cannot make that out, ſays my Hoſt.——

I was going to help him; and was collecting in my own mind the links of the chain between the univerſal depravity and final ruin of a ſtate. But he ſaved me the trouble. For having finiſhed his Turbot, he poured out a bumper of Claret, and after he had teſtified his religion, loy-

loyalty, and public ſpirit, by drinking Church, King, and Conſtitution,——he threw himſelf back in his great arm chair, and fell faſt aſleep.

Adieu.

J. B.

LET-

LETTER VI.

TALKATIVE WOMAN.

Le coup mortel que vous portez a votre frére, eſt il plus leger, parceque c'eſt l'imprudence, & la legerité qui l'ont lancé ?

MASILLON.

LETTER VI.

Stowe, July, 1769.

To MARIA.

THE reflections which were the ſubject of my Letter to our mutual friend, held us out as far as *Ayleſbury*, of which I was right glad; nothing doubting but that the chief town in *Buckinghamſhire*, which ſends two Members to Parliament, has a County Jail, and the Aſſizes annually, beſides a good market every Saturday, would afford me ſuch ample materials for animadverſion, as ſhould laſt me at leaſt as far as *Stowe*. But I know not how it was, nothing was able to call forth

forth the ſmalleſt ſpark of ſentiment, until we had a glimpſe of the magnificent *Priſon*, as we were paſſing through the Town.

THIS, ſaid I to Charles, is an *obvious* contraſt. Every ſpectator may, if he pleaſes, be witneſs to *external* Grandeur and *inward* Miſery. But could we inſpect with equal eaſe the inmoſt receſſes of the human heart, how many *wretched* objects ſhould we not diſcover, under appearances equally *ſplendid* and *pompous!*

TRUE, ſaid my companion, what think you of a Nabob maker, a government Contractor, or mercileſs Monopolizer, who though they may live in edifices yet more ſtately than this before us, have hearts blacker with guilt than the vileſt miſcreant amongſt thoſe Felons; and whoſe conſciences, if they have not totally ceaſed to remonſtrate, muſt inflict a ſeverer puniſhment, than any they may have eſcaped by eluding the laws.

I MADE

I MADE a rejoinder or two, but as they were pretty nearly of the ſame nature with thoſe moral remarks which have lately flown out of my whip-laſh, I ſhall forbear mentioning them.

IT was now near twelve o'Clock; the day moſt ſultry; and ourſelves fatigued with heat and duſt. Yet like true Philoſophers, we judged it prudent to bear a preſent inconvenience, for the ſake of a future advantage: And as riding another hour would bring us to the proper ſeaſon of dinner and repoſe, we only called for a Biſcuit and a glaſs of Cyder at the *George*, and preſſed forwards to WINSLOW; which we were informed was a good market town; and where we might expect to be accommodated with every thing fit and neceſſary to entertain gentlemen travellers.

WINSLOW.

THE firſt object that attracted our notice was a *ſelf-conſequential Sign-poſt*, ſtretched

ſtretched acroſs the road, as if it were inclined to intercept the paſſengers, and *compel them to come in.* THE EXCISE AND POST-OFFICE, written in large capitals of gold, and ſwinging triumphant in the centre, publiſhed as plainly as *ſigns* can ſpeak, *This is the beſt Inn in Town.*

Now, ſuch being exactly the informa tion we wanted, like moſt people who argue from their *feelings*, we gave it full credit, and rode into the gateway without farther enquiry.

HOSTLER, thrice reſounded through the Yard, without the moſt diſtant reverberation of *coming*, *Sir*. At length a plump, north-country girl waddled towards us. She was without her gown, encaſed in a pair of thick leathern ſtays, which were terminated by a quilted petticoat, ‘ patched until the original was loſt,’ and exhibiting, in conſequence of theſe frequent emendations, as many colours as Joſeph's Coat. The lappets of her

her cap were pinned over the crown of her head, diſplaying to fuller view, if not the *faireſt*, at leaſt the *warmeſt* face the Sun ever ſhone upon. Decency forbids me to deſcribe to my dear Maria, the ſtate of her perſon from the tip of her chin to the upper edge of her ſtays:—I muſt therefore refer your imagination to a modern Lady, of the moſt rigid virtue, full dreſſed for an Aſſembly, whom, I do ſuppoſe without the knowledge of either party, ſhe cloſely reſembled.

LET me ſee your Tits, on your pleaz, I'll corry 'em to the ſteable.

BUT where's the Hoſtler?

WHY our John is gone to carry the hay-makers their dinners. He's bin gone this two hours, and ayent come bock agen, an idle To-ad.

SHE conducted our Steeds to an old thatched building of mud and plaiſter, with

with which both *Eurus* and *Boreas* ſeemed often to have amuſed themſelves on a holiday, or when they were not bent upon *greater miſchiefs*. We thought, that being a novice in her profeſſion, ſhe might have miſtaken the place; but looking about, we at length deſcried a ſmall ſlip of a Manger in one of the corners; which operating like leaven, or by virtue of a certain figure in Rhetoric, called *Synechdoche*, ſubſtituting a part for the whole, gave to this large cobweb'd Barn, a juſt right and title to the appellation and honors of a Stable.

We took the other parts of the office upon ourſelves; and ſent the girl in queſt of her miſtreſs.

The Landlady, who was a ſmart, lively woman, immediately appeared before us, and endeavoured, by the volubility of her tongue, and extreme courteſy of her behaviour, to atone for every ſin ſhe might ignorantly commit againſt gram-

grammar or common ſenſe. Upon enquiring what we could have for dinner, we were at firſt anſwered according to the enlarged ſcale of a *pettifogging-ſhop*, where they generally boaſt of the greateſt plenty without doors, to hide their extreme poverty within.

"WHAT you pleaſe, *Gemmen*; juſt what you pleaſe. There is not a houſe in all *Winſlow*, or the next town to it, that keeps a better *Lardiner* than I do, thof I ſays it that ſhould not ſay it, as folks ſay."

HOWEVER, when we deſcended to particulars, ſhe apologized away with great dexterity the whole of this copious Larder.—The heat of the weather;—— the ſmallneſs of the family at home;—its not being market-day;—ſome company unexpectedly coming in laſt night, reduced her to confeſs, that the whole ſtock in trade, conſiſted of a diſh of *Beans* and

Bacon, which was ſaved out of the proviſion ſent to the Haymakers.

EXCELLENT, nothing can be better; let us have it immediately.

"YOU ſhall, Sir, in a *minuit*; pleaſe to walk into this little palur, or up ſtairs into my large dining room, which will be much more cooler, and lightſummer, and pleaſanter for you, Gemmen. I'll ſhew you the way."

IT was well ſhe was our guide; for the high road of the ſtair caſe was divided and ſubdivided, at every five ſteps, into ſo many bye-ways, leading *this* into one room in a corner, *that* to another; that we had been infallibly loſt in a labyrinth without her.

AT laſt we arrived at the *grande Salle:* which it is true was of a commodious ſize, being the whole length of the building, not to mention ſome few yards ſtolen

len from the ſtreet, by means of an *antique diamond-paned bow-window.* The floor was of *Oak.* But Engliſh Oak itſelf, though it reſiſts a *cannon ball*, and conquers nations, muſt ſtill ſubmit to the conquering teeth of *Time:* who indeed had made ſo hearty a meal of it, that the chinks, in divers parts, gaped wide and horrible. In the centre, from the chimney downwards, ſtood a long table, with benches on each ſide of it, always ready to receive the welcome gueſts of a market day;—who by the bye, not to loſe any time, ſeemed to be catching at immortality, while they were waiting for their dinners:——For they had covered the ſurface of the benches and table, with the initials of their names, and various dates, curiouſly etched with their knives and forks, and crooked nails.——In one corner of the room was an antiquated bedſtead; and in another, an antient eſcrutoir was placed, which, in every future agreement between Landlord and Te-

nant, muſt doubtleſs be left as a *fixture*; for twenty men, in theſe degenerate days, would ſcarcely be able to ſtir it. A map of the world hung over the chimney. The Life of *Hannah Snell*, and *Shinkin Shenny Morgan, ſhentleman of Wales*, together with the pictures of the different ages of men, and of *old women grinding young again*, adorned the walls. The naked ſpaces left room for the imagination to work at will; for Time had by various fantaſtic cracks, and divers colours, drawn the outlines of human figures, caſtles, landſcapes, and hobgoblins, and politely left the Spectator to finiſh them in his own ſtile.

As I have before hinted, our Landlady was bleſſed with a volubility of ſpeech, enough to make her the admiration and the envy of every Orator, from a Robinhoodiſt up to a Senator; who wiſhes to paſs for eloquent without troubling himſelf with ideas. At firſt we were fur-

ſurpriſed at her being able to ſupply ſuch a perpetual current. But by attentively liſtening to her for a minute or two, we were initiated into the ſecret. I will not ſay ſhe *thought* aloud; that would be paying her too great a compliment: but every trifling idea that ſlightly touched upon the fibres of her Cenſorium, immediately ran, by ſomething of an electrical conductor, to her tongue, and ſet it into motion.

I WILL lay an even wager, ſays Charles, that we pump all the ſcandal of the neighbourhood out of this loquacious animal, while ſhe is laying the dinner cloth.

IT is happy for the neighbourhood, ſaid I, that theſe Tatlers are to be but little credited. For they who are ſo very eager to tell you news, are ſeldom in a diſpoſition to wait and collect the evidences of its truth.

——And here, Maria, before I proceed any farther, I muſt beg you to let a greater virtue for a moment take place of a leſs, and permit the fidelity of an hiſtorian to puſh delicacy a little on one ſide.——

'Well, Landlady, (ſays my companion) have they found the young Raſcal who ran away and left his maſter's daughter with child?'

"What, *Tom Simkins*, Sir?"

'Yes, I think his name was *Simkins*. He lived with farmer—what's his name, yonder, higher up in the town?'

"Right hand, or left, Sir?"

'If I miſtake not, it is on the right hand; but I am not certain.'

"Oh, oh! I knows who your Worſhip means, *Nat Alliſtons*, Farmer *Richardſon's*

ardſon's man. What, do you know they folks, Sir?"

'I cannot ſay I am *much* acquainted with them.'

"AYE, well, I knows what I knows. The *laſt* pays all, ſays I. Why, Sir, it was no more *Nat's* child, than it was *mine*; but *mum*'s the word; leaſt ſaid is ſooneſt mended. A quiet tongue makes a wiſe head, ſays I."

'BUT I have never heard that the girl had a bad character before.'

'THEY muſt get up by times, that has every body's good word. But I believes nobody is duberous whoſe child it is."

'WHAT, do they ſuſpect****?' ſays Charles, ſupplying the want of a name with a ſignificant wink, and placing his fore-finger along the ſide of his noſe.'

" WELL, well, it's no bread and butter of mine, G-d knows; but there are ſome people in the world are no better than they ſhud be. The Gemman you ſpeaks of, Sir, and ſhe was catched together once and agen, behind ſome hayricks in Farmer *Well's* Cloſe; and e'ery body ſays the Barn is the very moral of his Father. Well, I muſt ſay, when I firſt heard on't, I was in ſuch a confutation, I did not know what in the world to do. Up I gets, and down I falls in a ſwound like;—I never was in ſuch a quandary in all my life;——You might ſee my heart burſting through my boſom;—I've ne'er been my own Woman ſince;—Only ſee, Sir, I'm waſted to an Otomy. But they ſay a creaking gates goes the longeſt upon its hinges; that's my comfort."

' BUT why was *you* ſo frightened at this news, Landlady?'

" WHY,

"WHY, Sir? Why Mr. PARSONS made love to me at the very ſaid 'dentical time. And I had a ſort of ſneaking kindneſs for him too, I can't ſay but I had; —He did not uſe me well, I can't ſay he did;—but that does not argify,—I bear no malice, not I. He was as fine a looking man as ever lay by the ſide of a woman—thof I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it."

'Where is that Gentleman now?'

'WHERE is he? Gone beyond Sea. He may be hanged or drowned for what I care. I wiſh the Devil's Children Devil's luck, that's all.'

'AND what's become of *Patty*—?'

"WHAT the *Miller's* youngeſt daughter?"

'THE ſame.'

"A LITTLE *Puſs*. Her belly's up to her chin too. As for my part, I keeps myſelf to myſelf like. I ſtays at home and minds my own buſineſs, and never

ſociate with any of them, nor keeps any correſpondence. But folks will talk."

'But what can they ſay more upon the ſubject?'

"Why, Sir, betwixt you and I, ſhe has been taking *Daphne's lexer*, and *Hickery pickery*, and *Tinkly mirth*, and a mort of Doctor's ſtuff for the *Dropſy*. —Dropſy, quotha, the Midwife muſt tap her, that's all. Ha, ha, ha!"

'And how do you like your Curate now?'

"Oh, Sir, he is the fineſt man as ever trod ſhoe-leather; and he has ſuch a laudable voice when he reads prayers; and he is ſo merry and comical withal. He and I are towns-folks like, for he came from Northampton, and I but ſeven miles beyond it. He often comes here and ſmokes his pipe and his pot in the little parlour below, with *Dickaſon* the Exciſeman. Folks ſays that *Dickaſon* is adopted to drinking; but I ne'er ſeed any harm of him, not I. Let e'ery one mend

mend one, and the world will laſt the longer, as the ſaying is. Any man may be o'ertaken in liquor ſometimes; and if a Gemman is ſober, and peaceable, and quiet in his cups, I ſees no great harm in it, for the matter of that. But the world's as full of envy as a toad is of poiſon, as the man ſays."

THIS, my good friend, and much of the ſame kind, was the intereſting converſation during our repaſt. For the Landlady condeſcended to officiate as waiter; which ſhe begged as a particular favor, becauſe we were ſuch civil gentlemen, and ſuch good company. Whether from the above ſpecimen of her talents, you will have the ſame favourable opinion of her, I ſhall not determine. You will agree with me in one thing, that it is a great happineſs to be out of the reach of ſuch inconſiderate peſts to ſociety, who can ſcarcely open their mouths without blaſting a character. And altho' they may be acquitted of malice, or evil

deſign,

deſign, do infinite miſchief merely from a wantonneſs of tongue.

FARTHER to enlarge, my dear *Maria*, upon the ſubject of *Scandal*, might be deemed a tacit and *ſcandalous* impeachment of your diſpoſition and conduct; altho' I am well perſuaded that there is too large a ſhare of juſtice and humanity in the compoſition of that excellent heart, ever to admit the malignant whiſper, or injurious jeſt.

YET allow me, *Maria*, to mention one argument againſt the vice, which, as it is addreſſed to *ſelf-intereſt*, may hitherto have eſcaped your notice. There is not, I believe, a more effectual method to paſs thro' life, free from the poiſoned ſhafts of malevolent tongues, than to lay it down as an invariable rule, never to encourage the recital, much leſs to retail any malicious anecdote to the prejudice of another. It is obſervable, that all men ſpeak *well* of thoſe who make it a point to ſpeak *ill* of no man. It is univerſally

verſally deemed *cowardice*, wantonly to attack ſuch as never bear any *offenſive* weapons about them. Theſe are admitted, as *neutrals*, amidſt contending parties; and the arrows of malevolence will fly on each ſide, without being aimed at them, or even accidentally wounding them. Whereas a diſpoſition to aſperſe characters, is a fair Butt for aſperſion. It is here as in *treaſon*, they who love the *Calumny*, will hate and proſecute the *Calumniator*, with the moſt implacable virulence.

THE next ſtep in virtue, and in refined *ſelf-intereſt* alſo, is to proceed a degree farther. Whenever we hear a character traduced, to endeavour to extract the venom, by expatiating upon their *good* qualities, where we know the perſons; or charitably interpret the *evil* that is alledged againſt them, if they be ſtrangers. This will ſometimes, I acknowledge, expoſe us to injuries in our turn. We ſhall now and then receive a few ſtrokes

ſtrokes of ill-nature, which were intended for another. We ſhall be termed the Protectors of vice, and the Abettors of the crimes we would extenuate. But then we ſhall in recompence, enjoy inward ſatisfaction in contemplating the *virtues* of our ſpecies;—we ſhall walk on the *clean* ſide, whilſt theſe ſcavengers of human nature are *wallowing in all the dirt* they can find;—the mind will be habituated to the milder virtues;—and it will poſſeſs the calm conſcious pleaſures of *benevolence*, inſtead of the little, turbid, irritating gratifications of ill-tempered pride. "C'eſt notre *Cœur* qui decide de nos plaiſirs," ſays my favorite Maſſillon, "un cœur corrumpu, ne trouve de joie que dans tout ce qui lui rappelle l'image des vices. Les joies innocentes ne conviennent qu'à la vertu." That theſe may continue to be thine, is the ſincere wiſh of

Your's, &c. J. B.

LET-

LETTER VII.

GROUNDLESS FEARS.

—Carp diem, quam minimum credula poſtero.

HOR.

LETTER VII.

Stowe, July, 1769.

To Maria.

IT has hitherto been the prevailing diſpoſition of my mind, Maria, to *hope the beſt* concerning every future event; and may it ever continue, altho' at the end of life, I ſhould look back upon a long train of diſappointments. When Hope does not lead to a culpable preſumption, it is doubtleſs the *happieſt*, and my friend Charles will prove, from the principles of phyſiology, that it is the healthieſt of all the paſſions. For altho' time ſhould not bring us the bleſſings we wiſh for, yet it gives that certain preſent enjoyment of which it was not in the power of diſappointment to rob us:——ſo that, come what will, we may always laugh at misfortunes for doing only *only third* of their bu-

buſineſs; for troubling us the moment in which they are preſent, without their being able to deprive us of the *paſt*, or prevent the *future*. Now the contrary paſſion, a predominant Fear, is perpetual miſery. It is miſery *ſelf-created*, ſpringing up *within* us, without any foreign cauſe. Whilſt we are under its baneful influence, it is not in the power of a preſent bleſſing to make us happy, as it is always imbittered with doubts; and all futurity may prove a *curſe* without one misfortune.

I THINK you are acquainted with Mrs. ——. She is of this unhappy caſt.—Her groundleſs, unwarrantable apprehenſions of ſome *unthreatened* ill, blaſt all preſent enjoyment. Health, fortune, an affectionate, ſenſible, and careful huſband, lovely and dutiful children, all unite to fill up her cup of bliſs, and perſuade her to drink:—but ſhe takes it with ſuch a trembling hand, as entirely to ſpill its contents! No one article of *real good* can make her happy, through this fear of ſome

ſome *imaginary evil.* Her dear huſband cannot take a ſhort journey upon buſineſs, but he is robbed and murdered every day of his life. It is true he writes to her every poſt; but the news of his welfare is wiſely conſidered as an information of the paſt, without its being any voucher for the future.—Miſs *Sally*, her eldeſt daughter, pines away at home for want of exerciſe:—walk in the ſtreets ſhe may not, through fear of carriages;—nor would it be ſafe for her to ramble in the fields,—ſervants are ſo careleſs, ſhe may have a fall, or be kidnapped whilſt their backs are turned;—and ſeldom is ſhe allowed to run in the garden, leſt the little heedleſs creature ſhould prick her fingers in a gooſeberry buſh.—Maſter *Billy's* education is neglected, becauſe ſchool-boys are ſo rude;—his delicate frame is not able to contend with the hardſhips children ſuffer amongſt ſtrangers;—or he may catch the ſmall-pox or meazles, at ſchool. Do theſe diſorders prevail there? 'No; but they *may* one time or other; and my chil-

children may fall ſick, loſe their beauty, loſe their lives before we are aware!'

THE moment we enter into life, Maria, we are placed in a *chequered* ſtate, where good and evil are largely blended. Which predominates I ſhall not pretend to ſay. The queſtion is ſo extenſive and complicated, that were the *Writer* able, a ſhort epiſtle would not be ſufficient to determine it. Whether the balance be nearly equal or not, this I know,—it is always in our own power to throw a great many more weights into the ſcale of *enjoyment*, than we do. But we ſeem fond of loading the ſcale of evil, until Happineſs kicks the beam!—What ſays common ſenſe? Select the *good*, and make uſe of every innocent and laudable artifice to ſecure and increaſe it:——avoid the *evil* where it is in your power; and where it is not, hope yourſelf out of it as well as you can. What do the principles of Juſtice and Gratitude dictate? That we value our bleſſings, when *poſſeſſed*, as much

as

as we did when in *proſpect*; that we compare, with a philoſophic ſcrutiny, *our* ſtate with even the *envied* ſtate of thoſe around us; that we compare what we poſſeſs of the ingredients eſſentially neceſſary to the enjoyment of a *rational* Creature, with the little that is wanting to make *ſuch* bliſs complete. But ſuppoſe the worſt: where a man is not the cauſe of his own misfortunes by his imprudence, and where he cannot avoid them by his prudence, he has a right to make as light of them as poſſible, either by thinking, or by avoiding thought, as ſuits his purpoſe beſt. As to myſelf, I generally think of ſomething elſe, and by ſome agreeable occupation of my mind, I learn to make myſelf almoſt inſenſible of the evil; and then wait with all the patience I can collect, until the revolution of worldly affairs ſhall again bring me a little day-light, and ſunſhine. 'Tis ſeldom that I wait long.

But you ſay, 'that a diſappointment in hope makes the affliction double; and that

that to fear the worſt, often gives us occaſion to rejoice in our miſtakes.'

I ANSWER, that there are great and leading paſſions in the human mind, which if oppoſed, may raiſe ſuch tempeſts as not only to deſtroy every other good, but overwhelm the conſtitution itſelf. But with reſpect to leſſer affairs, and the common concerns of life, I ſtill maintain my propoſition. In theſe caſes diſappointment is by no means *miſery*. For altho' Hope is a pleaſing ſuſpenſe of the mind, yet it is a *ſuſpenſe*, which in ſome meaſure breaks the ſhock of diſappointment. Beſides, in theſe common caſes, Hope often ſatiates at leaſt half as much as the poſſeſſion; and this ſatiety makes *diſappointment* little more than a *miſtake*. At all events, Hope is generally of a long duration; the effects of the miſtake upon us are moſtly tranſient; and by hoping for ſomething elſe, we ſoon bring ourſelves into ſuch a ſtate, as to forget it entirely.

BUT

BUT Fear to exceſs, is the greateſt poſſible ſuffering, and is often more inſupportable than the Arrival of the evils we dread. So that it may be a *mercy*, to let the impending calamity fall upon us. Few men ſuffer in priſon half the torments they felt at the inſtant they were dragging thither!

THUS far Philoſophy goes. Religion goes farther. It teaches us to confide in that wiſe Providence which orders all things for the beſt: it forbids us to canker the Good we poſſeſs through a weak ſuſpicion of ſome future Evil: it orders us to caſt our burthen upon the Lord; it promiſes that he will ſuſtain it: and ſurely it is not difficult to comply with that other injunction, *Rejoice alway, and again I ſay rejoice.*

YOU are obliged to my friend P. for the above ſermon, as the ſequel of my letter will ſhew.

CHARLES and I came to this place about *ſeven* in the evening, having ſat under

under a wide ſpreading Mulberry Tree, at *Winſlow*, during the heat of the day, quaffing *Negus* to our Miſtreſſes, as friend Horace would have done in hot weather, inſtead of his renowned *Falernian*, had he known our liquor.

We had ſcarcely made the proper enquiries, and given the neceſſary directions concerning ſupper, beds, &c. before the ſaid Mr. P. with Mr. F. and his Lady, drove up to the door in a poſt-chaiſe. Our excellent friend diſcovered a manifeſt diſappointment that his *Chere Moitie* and Children had not yet made their appearance. We had ordered tea, but he made us drink it in an attitude ſimilar to that of the Jews taking the Paſſover; ſtanding with our hats on our heads, and canes or whips in our hands; and ſcarcely had we finiſhed the laſt diſh, but he urged us to go with him and meet our company on the road.

The evening was calm and ſerene. The Sun ſeemed to be taking his leave of the

the world in thorough good-humour; and having finiſhed, for the day, his work of benevolence upon the earth, he appeared ſtill to be in a generous mood, and determined to diſperſe the remainder of his Rays amongſt the clouds: while the latter, to ſhew their gratitude I ſuppoſe, were collecting themſelves together to form a Curtain for his chambers in the Weſt.

THESE are beauties, O Cheapſide, Lombard ſtreet, Cornhill, and all the ſmoaky courts, narrow paſſages, and blind allies thereunto appertaining, which ye know not!

I WAS in the happieſt mood imaginable to enjoy theſe beauties, but the importunate huſband and father, would not permit me.—Every carriage we heard at a diſtance raiſed his hopes by turns, and by turns ſunk them in deſpair.—This moment we walked too ſlow,—the next he was expreſſing his apprehenſions that we were not in the right path.—One moment

he was calculating the diſtance,—another conjecturing the hour in which they might have ſet out from Oxford; and like the driver of a ſtage coach, allowing them but *thirty minutes* at one place, and *twenty* at another, he was diſtracted that they had not arrived three hours ago.—

Some accident has certainly happened: —the children are fatigued in travelling: —or they are ill: or the carriage is broken down: or overturned—or — —

—Or, you are raiſing a thouſand Devils to torment you before your time, ſays Charles!

I am ready, continued Charles, to feel for you in any real diſtreſs; but truly, Sir, I cannot find ſympathy enough in my conſtitution to throw it away upon ſuch little incidents. Every day brings with it ſo many lets, and croſs purpoſes, without real evils, that it is an unneceſſary anticipation of miſery to be anxious on their account.

But here they come in reality. The poſt-

poſt-coach, and a poſt-chaiſe with it; what can it mean?

THE firſt tender greetings on Mr. P.'s part conſiſted of a gentle chide, made up of two parts of affection to one of pettiſhneſs:—which you know, my Dear, not to be uncommon upon theſe occaſions. —Matters were however ſoon adjuſted. We found they were all well, and in high ſpirits, and that their journey had been delightful. Fanny has brought with them her Couſin *Frank* of Magdalen College, and two Collegians of his acquaintance. The cauſes of their delay were manifold. —*Firſt*, they had been ſo highly entertained by the curioſities at Oxford, that time paſſed imperceptibly away.—*Secondly*, they ſtopped and drank tea on the road, which detained them longer than they had expected.—*Thirdly*, The roads alſo were ſandy, part of the way.—And *Fourthly*, the horſes began to be fatigued, ſo that they advanced ſlowly for the laſt five miles.

"So then, ſays Charles to Mr. P. here are no leſs that *four* plauſible reaſons for this delay, without *one* misfortune. Now has not the *Foul Fiend* impoſed upon you an unneceſſary doſe of miſery? Thank God that our Fears diſappoint us perhaps full as often as our Hopes!"

Let us go to the inn, ſupper awaits us. ——And a delightful ſupper it was. All was innocence, mirth and gaiety. We mutually agreed to baniſh every uneaſineſs, and leave our cares to that grand magazine of cares, the great Metropolis. Charles thought Fanny heavenly in her looks, and ætherial in her wit and ſpirit. They were the *Champaign* of the company. Joyous as I was, I could not forbear longing for my more elegant *Burgundy*; if a gallant may be permitted to compare his Miſtreſs to a bottle of wine, either upon account of its *cordial*, *exhilarating*, or *intoxicating* quality.

Adieu. J. B.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

Tanta in Muneribus fiducia.

JUV. SAT.

LETTER VIII.

Stowe, July, 1769.

To Maria.

LITTLE incidents are ſometimes pregnant with inſtruction; and trivial circumſtances, ſcarcely attended to by the majority of mankind, will frequently furniſh a Clue, that ſhall lead an inquiſitive obſerver, into the inmoſt receſſes of the human heart.

One Clue of this nature my friend Charles and myſelf picked up in the ſtreets of *Buckingham*; and another upon our firſt entrance into the publick-room of my preſent Hotel. Theſe, in the proper order of time, ought to have been mentioned before the incidents recorded in the preceding letter. But our recollection will not always obſerve order; nor will thoughts always preſent themſelves at our command. We

muſt reſt contented therefore to catch them, whenever they are diſpoſed to flow.

As we were riding through the Town of *Buckingham*, the road divided; and being uncertain *which* to take, Charles aſked the ſimple queſtion of the firſt perſon we chanced to meet;

'Good Woman, pray which of theſe is our road to *Stowe?*'

"Good *Woman*, quotha!" cries the ſtranger, placing her arms a kembo, and giving a ſignificant jerk with her head, "*Good Woman*, forſooth! I am no more a good woman than *yourſelf*, Sir. To let you know, I have lived in this pariſh above ſeven and twenty year and a half, and never was called no other than Mrs. *Bennet*, or Mrs. *Margaret*, or ſo; and I'll not be *good-woman'd* at this time of life, I promiſe you; and ſo you may find your way for your pains, and larn to know who you ſpeak to another time."

My Companion made her a moſt obſequious

quious bow, confeſſing that he was, if poſſible, more ſenſible of his error than herſelf.

Upon our arrival at this place, we were conducted into the public room, by a very ſmart waiter, who moſt politely queſtioned us, '*What do you pleaſe to want gentlemen?*'

UNMINDFUL of his dignity of office, I anſwered, 'why the firſt thing I ſhall want is a pair of ſlippers; for my boots are uneaſy. Bring the *Jack*, Waiter.'

THE obliging ſmiles which were crouding into the muſcles of his face, inſtantly checked themſelves, and precipitately retired. Bang went the door, the windows jarred, and the china rattled upon the mantle-piece.—It took me upwards of fifteen minutes, with the aid of courteous language, and a glaſs of generous wine to efface the ſevere contractions from his brow.

I CANNOT, Maria, conſider theſe two inſtances of Self-importance as perſonal foibles in the parties, ſo much as faithful ſamples of human nature at large. This ſpecies of Vanity runs through every claſs

of men; nor eſcapes perhaps an individual in each claſs. *All* are vain of ſomething, and think that they poſſeſs ſome gift, ſome talent, ſome quality, which gives them a ſuperiority over their neighbours; or at leaſt enables them to maintain their balance. Thus doth the *Man of ſcience* prefer the acquiſition of ſolid knowledge, to the ſuperficial frothineſs of a *Wit*: the *Wit* conſiders the man of Science as little better than a drudge, employed in the collection of materials for himſelf to play with: while the *Man* of *Sober Senſe*, conſiders the one as a *Pedant*, and the other a *Coxcomb*, where they are not employed in the inveſtigation of *uſeful* knowledge, or in putting vice and folly out of countenance. The *Hiſtorian*, *Geometrician*, &c. value themſelves for being in purſuit of *facts* alone: the *ſpeculative Philoſopher*, conſiders theſe *facts* as the *footſteps* of inveſtigation merely, and finds his ſuperiority in the uſe which he makes of them: and *an admirer of the Belles Lettres* pities the one and the other when they remain deſtitute of an improved taſte, and refine-

refinement upon their *mental feelings*. The *Divine* ſwells with the idea of his being *the man of God*, and thinks himſelf, by virtue of his profeſſion, as ſuperior to the *Phyſician* or *Counſellor*, as the ſoul is ſuperior to the *body* or *eſtate*: the *Phyſician* maintains, that without *health*, a man can neither enjoy this world, nor ſuitably prepare for the other: and the *Advocate* pleads that *he* enforces theſe moral obligations, and ſecures that peace and property, without which health itſelf would be of little value. The *King* prides himſelf with being the Sovereign of millions: and the *Stateſman* is vain of being able to direct his ſovereign as he pleaſes. The *Man of Quality* would reſent his being taken for a *Plebeian*; and the *Man of an Independant Fortune*, were he ſuſpected of being a *Tradeſman*. The *Wholeſale* Tradeſman feels his ſuperiority, in not being obliged to ſerve behind the compter; and he that keeps a ſhop, would but ill brook his being miſtaken for his *Journeyman*. A purchaſer of *Old Clothes* will thank God that he is

not

not a *Chimney-ſweeper*, and the *latter* that he can *work* for his living. A *vender of matches* or *toothpicks*, thinks himſelf above a *common beggar*; and beggars will value themſelves according to their *ſtands*, or degrees of mutilation.

MAY I not farther obſerve, Maria, allowing this Self-importance to be a foible, yet that it is a foible which renders each of us more contented, and happier in ourſelves or in our ſtations, than if we were to eradicate it? Hath not Providence kindly thrown it into the compoſition of man, to ſoften or qualify the ſlights and contumelies to which the imperfections of his ſtate may ſubject him? Or, as a fine flavoured *apple* is ſometimes grafted upon a *crab*, may not the virtues of mutual indulgence reſpecting our little failings and vanities, be engrafted upon this principle of ſelf-love; and thus the germ of *pride* be made to produce the fruits of *benevolence* and *humanity*.

BUT

BUT I am not ſo much in a moralizing as in a talkative humour. I ſhall therefore leave that buſineſs to you, and content myſelf with relating ſeveral inſtances of a ſimilar nature, which thoſe mentioned above have brought to my recollection.

I HAD once an occaſion to enquire after a gentleman who lodged at the houſe of an Apothecary in Holborn. But the name of this ſon of Galen having eſcaped my memory, I was determined, like a Cork-cutter, or vender of Phials, to make application at every ſhop of a medical aſpect from *Holborn-Bridge* to St. *Giles's*. Seeing a bow window, adorned with red, blue and yellow tinctures, and with other artifices to take off the horrors of phyſic, I ventured to enquire without further ceremony, whether Mr. H— was within?

"Sir, (ſays a Formaliſt, ſuſpending a Spatula in his right hand, whilſt he was holding the door with his left) I know of no ſuch perſon."

I un-

'I underſtood that he lodged here, Sir.'

"WHO gave you to underſtand ſuch a falſhood, Sir?"

'A concurrence of circumſtances have led me into it, if it be one.—My friend lodges with an Apothecary on this ſide of the ſtreet, and near to this part of it; and I concluded *your's* muſt have been the houſe.'

'TAKE my word for it, good Sir, your concluſions are *falſe*. As you ſeem to have truſted to your *eyes* more than to your *memory*, they might have undeceived you, had you read my inſcriptions. I am a WHOLESALE *Chymiſt* and *Druggiſt*, and no *Apothecary*, I aſſure you:—nor are *my* rooms for *Lodgers*, Sir."

As he was ſenſible that no reply was requiſite, he would not ſtay for one, but performing a quick evolution, he made a precipitate march behind his counter.

HOWEVER, I ſoon found my friend's roof, and was informed he was above ſtairs.

ſtairs. Being my own pilot, I was ſteering directly into the *Dining-room*. The Lady of the manſion deſired leave to acquaint me, that ſhe kept the *firſt floor* for herſelf and her family: nor did ſhe let the *upper* chambers, but to oblige a *friend*. Begging pardon for the miſtake, I aſcended to the *ſecond* ſtory. The gentleman received me with a confuſed countenance,—was ſorry I ſhould take ſo much unneceſſary trouble,—blamed the ſervants for not calling him down to me in his lower apartments,—and took care to hint it was merely from *choice* that he chiefly reſided in the upper room, as it was the moſt airy, and freeſt from noiſe.

At another time, I remember, being fatigued with the peregrinations of the morning, I ſtepped into a genteel Coffee-Houſe, near Lincoln's-inn, and ordered a gill of *Liſbon*.

"Sir, we ſell no wine by the *Gill*, in this houſe," ſaid a decent well-dreſſed Lady

Lady at the bar, bridling her chin, and rubbing her hand, to give emphaſis to the declaration.

'WHY then, Madam, a ſingle glaſs of ſpirits will do as well.'

"THOU vulgar mortal! What, do you miſtake the reſort of the *Gentry* for a GIN-SHOP? On the other ſide Temple-bar, you may be accommodated with a twopenny glaſs, but *I* ſerve no ſuch cuſtomers."

THIS was the only cordial I could get from my fair Hoſteſs, and it warmed me ſufficiently till I came on the other ſide of Temple-Bar, where I found the deſired dram heightened by the great civility of the attendant.

SOME years ago, when I was an occaſional viſitor in town, a *Shoe-black* near *Charing-Croſs*, ſeeing my ſhoes were not in a condition to aſcend a dining room, ob-

obſequiouſly ſaluted me with, *Japan your ſhoes, your Honour ?*

DISCLAIMING every ſuperiority of claſs I anſwered, in the innocence and frolickſomeneſs of my heart, 'Aye, come on, my *Lord*, and I will give you two-pence if you clean them well.'

"D—N you and your money into the bargain,—ſays my hero, throwing an old wig into his pan, darting from a curve into a ſtraight line, quick as an unſtrung bow, and placing his hands by his ſides —"I'd have you to know, Sir, I am as ſtraight and well made a man as any in the kingdom, and no more a *Lord* than yourſelf, let me tell you."

'COME, come, Honeſty I know it, I know it. I was only willing to return the compliment you paid to my *Honor :* —Be pacified, and I'll give thee ſixpence to drink my health, that thou mayeſt be aſſured I meant not to inſult thee.'

GOD

"God bleſs your honour, you are a *Gentleman* every inch of you."

—He returned to his work—my ſhoes ſhone like a poliſhed mirror; and I was entertained with the hiſtory of his conqueſts over the Fair, during the whole of the operation.

Diverted with the ſcene, I was willing to relate it to my Hoſteſs in the evening, when I returned to my lodgings.

'*Landlady*, I have met with a humourous adventure to day.'——

"Sir," ſays ſhe, in a grave accent, "it is not the cuſtom in *London*, whatever it may be in other places, to give that title to the *Miſtreſs of an Hotel.* The expreſſion is vulgar, fit only for a *Pot-houſe*, or an *Inn-keeper's*, and I wonder any *Gentleman* can make uſe of it. However," adds ſhe, with ineffable condeſcenſion, "I ſhall be glad to hear of your adventure."

This

THIS ſudden ſhock took away my inclination for a recital: and the better to evade it, I propoſed deferring my narrative till after ſupper, eſpecially as ſhe ſeemed ſomewhat engaged. After ſupper I complained of being fatigued and ſleepy, and begged to be conducted to my chamber.

"MARY," commanded the hoſteſs, "ſhow the Gentleman to the *Antelope*."

'I SHALL be glad, *Mary*, if you would juſt air my bed.'

THE girl changed her complexion, bit her lips, and gave a toſs with her head, which convinced me, that whatever freedom her *Miſtreſs* might take, *I* ought to have called her *Mrs. Mary* or *Molly* at leaſt: and in order to make repriſals, ſhe transferred the office to her fellow ſervant.

"SARAH, ſhow the *Man* that ſupped in the *George* to his room; and he is to have

have his bed warmed, I think my miſtreſs ſays."

THE Man in the *George*, walking to his Bed in the *Antelope*, was as heartily mortified at being curtailed the diſſyllable GENTLE, as any of thoſe could have been, whoſe vanity had contributed ſo much to his amuſement: and he learned that he was not able to laugh at the follies of mankind, *without* HIS OWN *being included in the number.*

THE END.

4 PE 67